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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	123	The Bayreuth Pilgrimage. By J. F. R.	132	Infant Life Protection. By Katherine S.	
LEADING ARTICLES :		Reflections from the Rand. From Our		Morant	138
The Situation in the East	126	Own Correspondent at Johannesburg	134	REVIEWS :	
The Irish Committee	126	Money Matters : New Issues—The		Whither?	139
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		Britannia (Hauraki) Gold Mining		The Empire of the Tsars	139
The Naval Manœuvres. By Admiral		Company ; Hill End Consols ; The		Two Sporting Treatises	140
P. H. Colomb	127	Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company		Logic and Metaphysic	141
Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Professor		(France)	135	The Reunion of Christendom	142
Dowden	128	CORRESPONDENCE :		Natural Taxation	143
The Coming Crisis in America. By		The "Spectator" and Political		London Churches	144
Archibald R. Colquhoun	129	Economy	137	Fiction	144
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		The Jameson Verdict. By Julius		New Books and Reprints	145
Sheridan in Barrel—II.	130	Hirschfeld	137	Reviews and Magazines	146
The Life of Plants	131	The French in Madagascar.	137	ADVERTISEMENTS	147-154

NOTES.

UP to luncheon time on Thursday, Birdcage Walk was crowded with smart broughams and carriages of various kinds adorned with crests and coronets ; all indicating that there was a meeting at the Irish Office at which some compromise was to be arrived at between the Government and the Irish landlords with regard to the Land Bill. The result, however, was not satisfactory, as was proved by subsequent events. For the Irish landlords followed up their defeat of the Government on Tuesday, on the Earl of Arran's motion to add a fresh clause to the Irish Labourers Bill, by inflicting further defeats on Thursday on points connected with the Irish Land Bill. Only last week we warned the Government against rushing a Bill of such intricacy and importance through the House of Commons by means of all-night sittings and late hours. However, if we may judge from Lord Lansdowne's speech at the close of yesterday's debate, the Government appears to be coming to its senses, though perhaps too late to save themselves from the discredit of being forced to abandon this with their other Bills.

Will the Irish landlords have the courage of their opinions and wreck the Land Bill in the Upper House ? We hope they will not discover, next Session or the next after that, that they may go farther and fare worse, for in such legislation as that of 1881 there is no resting-place. The "Times" has filled columns every day this week with vigorous and, on the whole, well-reasoned letters, finding fault with this or that detail of the measure, but they are all really aimed at the injustice and inequality of the Act of 1881, and for that Act they suggest no alternative. Under Mr. Gladstone's Act rents were reduced twenty per cent., and for the second judicial term those reduced rents are being cut down a further thirty per cent. This, be it noted, without any fresh Land Act ; and it is not believed that, in the majority of cases, the provisions of the present Bill, if it were to pass, would materially modify the general percentage of reduction. This being so, and the purchase clauses being on the whole favourable to the landlords, is it worth their while by rejecting the Bill to keep open the question for another Session, or perhaps two, with the certainty of a stringent Land Bill at the end, whenever the Liberals again get back to power ?

The Scotch Rating Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on Thursday after a discussion bristling with technicalities. In the course of Wednesday's debate on this measure Sir Charles Dilke intervened on an important point of general principle. In one of the subsections of Clause 4 it was proposed to set aside a sum of £15,000 for a board which was to be constituted on the model of the Irish Congested Districts

Board. As Sir Charles Dilke well pointed out, there is quite as much distress in many districts of England and Wales as there is in the Highlands and islands of Scotland and Ireland ; and yet we are asked to differentiate the one kind of distress from the other, and to relieve the Irish and the Crofters partly at the expense of people in England and Wales who may be even worse off. Why should the whole people of Great Britain be taxed for such special contributions ? There is no sense in it. The plain truth is that the Irish and the Crofters, when they want anything, make themselves heard, and are determined to attract attention. The result is that we pay them money in order to keep them quiet, just as one throws coppers to an organ-grinder in order to get rid of him.

We had hoped that the selection of Lord Wolseley as the new Commander-in-Chief of the Army was a sign that more attention would be paid in future by the Government to the needs of our military forces ; this hope has already been rudely dispelled. The three new military bills have been abandoned ; and they were all bills of admitted importance. For instance, the Government brought in the Army Reserve Bill, which was passed through the House of Lords. That it needed revision in many particulars the military members of the House of Commons were agreed, but there was no questioning the importance of the measure. It was nevertheless abandoned. Then came the Military Manœuvres Bill, from which much benefit was expected in the most important branch of disciplinary training in the Army ; that too was abandoned. Lastly, the Army Works Bill was introduced. It was concerned with works that were thought necessary not only by military but also by naval experts, such as coaling-stations, which, contrary to the practice of Continental nations like France and Germany, are in England under the control of the military authorities.

But the Army Works Bill was also abandoned by the Government, in spite of the great interest they have always professed in maintaining our navy as well as our army at the highest standard of efficiency. And for what reason were these Bills thrown overboard ? Neither of the only two possible reasons reflects much credit on the manner and spirit in which Parliamentary business is conducted in the House of Commons. Either the Bills were sacrificed in order that members may be able to enjoy their annual grouse-shooting, or else because measures of no pressing importance whatsoever were put before them on the list. Why, for instance, should preference have been given to the Cattle Diseases Bill ? It would be as reasonable to give precedence to the repeal of the Coercion Act, an Act which, though on the Statute Book, is not in point of fact in force. What will the Government muddle next ?

We cannot affect to regard the result of Major Lothaire's trial at Brussels with any special indignation. If the proceedings of Major Lothaire were arbitrary, no less so were those of the late Mr. Stokes; neither the one nor the other were exactly models of the virtues. Neither of them is worthy of much sympathy. The really interesting fact about the case is that we have had a glimpse of the way in which things are managed in the Congo State. If a white man can be hanged there contrary to law, what kind of treatment, we wonder, is meted out to the unfortunate natives?

It will be long before the truth about the Congo State is known, partly because it is to the interest of the King of the Belgians that as little should be known as possible. He has doubtless "nobbled" the Belgian Press and most of the foreign correspondents. Another though we think not so cogent a reason for our absence of information may be the stupidity of the said correspondents—their love of dulness. Whether it arises from the fact that their editors allow them only a given space to fill with news, or whether it is because they are expected to fill a given amount of space daily, we do not pretend to say. But it is really extraordinary how much of the foreign correspondence of our papers is eked out with the reporting of trivial and quite uninteresting matters. Papers like the "Times," the "Daily Chronicle," and the "Manchester Guardian" occasionally publish foreign intelligence of great importance; but is it not strange and scarcely creditable to our journalists that the German Blue-book on South Africa, published in February, has not been noticed until quite recently in the English Press—in Thursday's "Morning Post." Again, had it not been for a weekly contemporary, the Italian Green-book, which recently created so much unpleasant sensation in our Foreign Office, might have escaped notice in the Press altogether.

Lord Wolseley's recent outspoken statements concerning the Indian Army before the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure have naturally caused much searching of heart in military circles both here and in India. We will quote his exact words. In reply to a question of Mr. Caine, he said, "We should not like to put our Indian troops in front of European soldiers. I should not like to fight France or Germany or any other army with Indian troops." What Lord Wolseley probably meant was that he would not care to meet a European army with native troops unsupported by British soldiers. Now, this is admitted to be generally true by the best military authorities. Lord Wolseley would, no doubt, be the first to admit that his bald statement of a general truth needs some qualification in details. For instance, he would scarcely deny that our Indian Army contains some of the finest cavalry and infantry in the world.

In the opinion of experts our Indian cavalry is second to none. The short service system has proved detrimental to the efficiency of cavalry on the Continent, whilst our own cavalry is spoiled by being stationed in parts of the country unsuitable for their work. Next best to the Indian are two bodies of militia cavalry, the Honved in Hungary and the Cossacks in Russia. India can also pride herself on possessing in the Gurkha regiments some of the most splendid infantry. The pick of the Sikh regiments are also excellent fighting material, though far from being so tough as the Gurkhas. That the rest of the Indian Army is not fit to face European troops is admitted by military experts; in spite of their smart drill they cannot be thoroughly relied on. In sum, with the qualifications indicated, Lord Wolseley's statement was nearer the truth than may be palatable in certain quarters.

There is only one other point of interest worth recording in connexion with the Indian Financial Commission. Lord Cromer has advocated the right of members of the Indian Council to communicate confidentially with the Secretary of State without reference to the Viceroy. Surely there could be no more certain way than this of fostering disloyalty and intrigue against the head of the

Government. No self-respecting colleague of the Viceroy would go behind his chief's back, and if he were not self-respecting his power for mischief would be unlimited. It is bad enough for the Viceroy to be daily badgered from Downing Street without going for ever in uncertainty as to what some member of his Council may choose to communicate to the Home Government.

It is difficult to measure at all exactly the political or commercial significance of Li Hung Chang's visit to this country. He is careful not to commit himself to any definite promises, and uses the language of empty compliment with all the fluency of an Oriental to the manner born. He has, indeed, no power to conclude any kind of negotiations. The question is whether there is any justification for the belief that Li is about to regain his old position of power behind the Chinese throne. Li is the type of high Chinese official or Civil servant, who has worked his way up by passing stiff examinations; unlike his predecessor, Prince Kung, who was the Emperor's uncle, Li was not a member of the Imperial family, and it was not until he became the intimate friend of the old Dowager Empress during the long minority of the Emperor that he acquired the supreme influence he subsequently exercised in Chinese politics. His first position of high rank was that of Commander-in-Chief in the Taiping rebellion, when he was lucky enough to have Gordon to do the fighting for him. How he might have fared without Gordon may be conjectured from the result of the late war with Japan.

Every five years the returns of the French census provide the text for endless homilies on the relatively dwindling population of the Republic, and for expansive discussions as to the causes for the decline. The matter lies in a nutshell. The Code Napoléon, by its provision that all children must have equal shares whenever their parents' property is divided, has profoundly altered the domestic life of the French people. They were formerly much given to large families, as witness the French Canadians, who preserve in America the language and customs of the France of Louis XIV., and regard a family of sixteen or eighteen as the normal thing. It is the rule about the equal inheritance of farms and other property which has put a limit to the family in France. People are regarded as bad parents who have more children than can be comfortably provided for in the division of their estate.

The population of the German Empire now exceeds that of France by some fourteen millions—the equivalent of more than a million fighting men—and this in spite of the fact that, for every Frenchman who emigrates, six Germans quit their native land. Not only do the small-family and equal-inheritance rules prevent France from rearing successive crops of portionless younger sons who will go out into her colonies to seek their fortunes, and thus expand and solidify her colonial empire, but they place her at an increasing and desperate disadvantage with her natural enemy. In another ten years Germany will possess a superiority of quite two million men capable of bearing arms—a practically fatal preponderance. Against this, the French have as an offset the ability to float numberless Russian loans, and thus bribe into their service the vast armed forces of the Czar. But whenever a hitch arises in this arrangement the consequences may easily be tragic.

Parisians find it difficult to contemplate with patience the possibility that the Czar may be intending to confine his Western tour to Vienna, Berlin, and Copenhagen. In their nervous anxiety, they quite lose sight of the argument that France is at least as necessary to Russia as Russia is to France, and that in such a matter as this the Czar is likely to be guided by the combined counsels of the statesmen of Paris and St. Petersburg. The international situation has rarely been more delicate than it is just now, and the effect of an enormous popular demonstration in Paris, and along the line of progress through France, in contrast with stiffly official receptions at other capitals, could hardly fail to

be disturbing. Mention is made of the Czar's visit to London toward the end of September as if it were a fixture, but we understand that nothing is known definitely on the subject, and that up to the present the assumption has been that the visit will take place next year.

The International Labour Conference ended as it began, in fatuity and irrelevance. In no single case had the flamboyant resolutions passed any bearing on the immediate practical problems that are of importance to the working class at home or abroad, and the different points raised only served to widen the breach between the warring factions. The English delegation had been captured by the Socialists and the "Independent" Labour Party, with the result that the real representatives of the great Trades Unions looked on in disgust while vapouring fanatics, who represented nobody but themselves, and many of whom have never done a day's manual work in their lives, claimed to speak on behalf of the "Workers of England." No wonder one of the foreign delegates on visiting the House of Commons, then engaged on such real working-class legislation as the Bills on Truck, Conciliation, Workmen's Dwellings, and Coal Mines Regulation, exclaimed that he and his colleagues would learn more by attending the quiet debates at Westminster than in the bear-garden at Queen's Hall.

In art, in literature, the search for violent novelty seems to be tending everywhere towards a return to a sort of rude barbarism. By dint of over-refinement, nothing strikes the exhausted eye but what is rough, or even vulgar. There is a curious instance of this in connexion with the latest production of the lively pen of Gyp, "*Ohé les Dirigeants!*" (Paris: Léon Chailley), which is published this week. The text is nothing wonderful—the old Gyp trick, the old anti-Semitic exaggeration, now become a little trite and obvious—but the illustrations are what the novelty depends on. We return to those days of our childhood when a book was resigned to us, and we covered all the vacant spaces with generous design in water-colour. The illustrator calls himself "*Le Petit Bob*," and anything coarser, ruder, more *franchement canaille*, was never seen. There is some talent displayed, to be sure, or rather there is a talent concealed. Pretending to draw and paint like a child of twelve, the designer reveals to the adult intelligence a satirical purpose and a real knowledge of life. But these washes of crude yellow and hot purple, these stiff figures, as of sheet-tin, stretched on spotted sofas, these dinner-tables, all out of perspective, these hooked noses and swollen red lips of the hated Oriental, these ridiculous lay-dolls in flannels playing tennis—all is grotesquely puerile, intentionally false and childish. It does begin to look like the end of all things, when the nerves of the most sensitive people in Europe can be electrified only by the music of the *Chat Noir*, the verses of Bruant, and the daubs of "*Le Petit Bob*."

In a week or so the political play will be over for this year, and, in spite of the provincial touring of the chief performers, politics will become a secondary interest to journalists, as it always is to nine persons out of ten. Then we shall feel free to write of a book, or a picture, or of a well-spent holiday—things that are of interest to sane men and women. But now we have to remember that Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett is going to ask Mr. Chamberlain whether Sir Jacobus de Wet did or did not promise immunity from punishment to the Johannesburgers if they would lay down their arms, and we have to pretend to attach some importance to the question and answer; though Sir Jacobus de Wet, in these columns, has already put the matter beyond dispute by admitting that while in Johannesburg he gave it as his "private opinion" that the Reformers would not have much to fear if they trusted to Kruger's clemency.

Or else we are told the names of the M.P.s who will form the South African Committee; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Bigham, Mr. Blake, Mr. Buxton, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr.

Cripps, Sir William Hart Dyke, Mr. John Ellis, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Labouchere, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. Wyndham—nine Unionists, five Radicals, and one Anti-Parnellite. Though we admit that these names impress us and believe that Mr. Jackson will make an almost perfect Chairman and keep the balance evenly between Mr. Labouchere's cynicism and Mr. Wyndham's hero-worship, or rather because we believe that these fifteen gentlemen are among the ablest in the House of Commons, we deplore the fact that they have been selected to waste six months of valuable time and a vast quantity of valuable ability and energy in rethreshing poor straw. And this rediscussion of an exhausted theme is what party politics often comes to even in practical England, though there are subjects enough, goodness knows, on which the labours of such a Committee as the above might be well and profitably spent.

For instance in this (Friday) morning's "Times" we find a paragraph hidden away in small type, on an inside page, and headed "*The Decline of British Trade with East Africa.*" The paragraph contains a summary of the report of Mr. Cave, our Consul at Zanzibar, and from it we learn how British manufactures are being beaten even in this open British market. The "grey cloth" which is the chief currency in the interior is now produced by Americans because the American cloth is of "better quality than the Manchester productions of the same price;" further we learn that "in some parts the American cloth, though costing more than the British, practically monopolizes the market." Similarly, the printed handkerchiefs called "*Kangas*," measuring about 50 in. by 72 in., which are the principal garments of the native women, and which "were at one time imported wholly from Manchester and Glasgow," are now supplied from Holland by German firms, the cause being the "cheaper printing" of Holland. So, too, the brass wire so largely used for barter now comes from Hamburg; and "the mottled bar soap of British manufacture is being driven out by German soap" which is more malleable; and the same thing is true of English crockery and hardware, and of galvanized iron roofing, &c. &c.

"English iron nails," Mr. Cave tells us, have been superseded by iron nails from Belgium; bar iron is now imported from Sweden and Belgium, and English tools have been superseded by cheaper ones made on the Continent. "The demand," the Consul says, "is above all things for a cheap article," and Free-Trade Britain, it appears, is being beaten in this competition. This result, it seems, is partly due to the fact that "the native is a very particular person indeed," who knows just what he wants and will not be fobbed off with what the high and mighty British manufacturer chooses to send him. But, admitting our unintelligence and our want of adaptability, how comes it that Free Trade does not more than make up for these deficiencies? That free-traders can be beaten in an open market where cheapness is the chief quality desired is indeed a revelation. How will the Cobden Club and Mr. Courtney answer this indictment, based on indisputable facts? Here, indeed, is a subject which the Committee of fifteen might be profitably engaged in discussing.

But alas! such questions of trade and commerce do not win much time or attention from the House of Commons, and, to make good the want, journalists who ought to know better still follow the example of our legislators, instead of trying to do what the House of Commons will not do, and we, too, make similar mistakes. We wished to write here on the last volume of the "*Journal*" of the De Goncourts and to discuss some of Edmond's literary appreciations, and instead we have talked of Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett. Yet we must soon give an article to this astonishing book, the most interesting "*Memoirs*," it seems to us, that have ever been written, and another article to the Academy which the De Goncourts have founded, and from which "poets" are expressly excluded. The brothers, it seems, would rather be taken for observers gifted with eyes than for artists and poets gifted with imagination.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

THE German reptile-press serves at least one useful purpose. When it abuses a foreign Government, those who are concerned for the honour and wisdom of that Government's policy can draw a reassuring breath. It must be moving in the right direction, if the parasitic journalism of Berlin and Cologne is displeased. The existing diplomatic situation in Europe could not well be more puzzling or obscure, but it is at least of good omen to Englishmen that the German editors are furious at what England is supposed to be doing. It is impossible for us here to follow the complicated turnings and twistings of the international imbroglio with any degree of certainty, for the reason that Downing Street does not number the newspaper among the tools with which it works, but keeps its information rigidly to itself. On the Continent a different method prevails, and in Germany it is especially the case that the so-called inspired press reflects the wishes and sentiments of the German Foreign Office. By this roundabout means we may now gather that England is doing something in the East which angers and alarms the German Government, and, as we have said, that in itself is something to be thankful for.

In the modern history of nations there is nothing more detestable than the part that Germany has officially played in the Eastern Question during the past two years. The blame for the horrible carnival of savagery which has been going on unchecked in Asia Minor since the autumn of 1894 lies as clearly at the door of the German Empire as if the despoilers of the Armenians had been Uhlans and Jaegers. When the reports of these shocking massacres received their first confirmation, England at once took action. Lord Rosebery, and after him Lord Salisbury, exhausted the resources of diplomacy in their efforts to arrange an intervention which should bring the Sultan to his senses and put an end to the wild-beast atrocities in Anatolia. That their labours were invariably guided by the highest sagacity is not so clear as might be wished; but that they were deeply in earnest in their desire to stop the reign of terror in Asiatic Turkey, and that in this they were supported by the English-speaking peoples of both hemispheres, is nowhere doubted, not even in German editorial offices. More than once England was on the point of succeeding in these humane endeavours. Originally she tried to effect her purpose by a combination with Russia and France; this failed because Germany not only withheld the approval of the Triple Alliance, but secretly offered inducements of her own, with reference to affairs in the Pacific, to our Franco-Russian associates. Then Lord Salisbury adopted another expedient, and induced Austria and Italy to join him in arranging the much-talked-of "Concert of Europe." Here, again, progress was blocked, and Christendom put to shame by the action of Germany, who came into the "Concert" only to sterilize its powers by a new private understanding with Russia.

The present position in the Levant is literally too shameful for words. The Armenians are still being murdered and starved and outraged as freely as though they were inhabitants of remote Polynesian cannibal islands, instead of next-door neighbours of Christian Europe. The Cretans are up in arms, fighting desperately for their freedom against the abominations and criminal stupidities of Turkish misrule. Macedonia is already in a state of civil war, and here, too, Osmanli troops are killing men and women of European blood, and sacking Christian villages. This is all unspeakably hateful to civilized people everywhere. No doubt, the English and the Americans say more about it than the others, both for the reason that they are better informed as to the facts, and because it is in their blood to sympathize warmly with the patriotic revolts of oppressed peoples; but we know well enough that honest Germans and Frenchmen, decent Austrians and Italians, must be feeling just as keenly the monstrous reproach of Europe's inactivity. Yet month after month passes with the red stain of disgrace deepening upon us all, and nothing is done because Germany bars the way.

There is no delicacy of concealment about the official German attitude. The "Hamburger Nachrichten" exposes it with cynical bluntness when it says: "We

share the opinion of the Powers that a European war would be a greater evil than the continued oppression for some years of the Cretans, and we should regard any European statesman who was willing to risk the bones of a single soldier in the cause of the Cretans as a blind fool or a depraved criminal." The meaning of this cannot be misunderstood. Germany is dangerously placed between Russia and France, and to shield herself from even the remotest possibility of a disturbance which might involve her being crushed between them, she will, with a light heart, see all the Christians in the Ottoman Empire decapitated or impaled alive. No attempt is made to palliate the selfishness of this position. The naked doctrine of selfishness has been preached by Bismarck, ever since he began to be heard, first to his fellow Prussians, and now for twenty-five years to the subjects of the German Empire. We have grown accustomed long since to a frankness of avowal of mean individualism in Germans which any other large nation would blush at. But even Germans themselves must rebel against this open declaration that their Empire has no responsibilities whatever towards humanity or European civilization. The most widely read paper in Berlin, the "Vossische Zeitung," already repudiates this cynical brutality.

In the general darkness and obscurity of the situation, it is a relief to find that at least England is not playing up to this sordid German game. Nothing has transpired to throw further light upon the rumours, to which we alluded last week, that Russia has also cut loose from German control. The evident perturbation in Government circles at Berlin may, however, be taken as proof that Germany is no longer so confident of her ability to utilise the sufferings and despair of Armenians and Cretans to secure her own frontiers.

THE IRISH COMMITTEE.

NOTHING can permanently resist the genial enthusiasm of Mr. Horace Plunkett, and this week has brought the notable achievement of a unanimous report from the Committee which he called together last autumn to discuss such things as all Irishmen of goodwill might agree upon, and to make practical suggestions for the material improvement of the people. The windbags and the political "bosses" were of course shocked at the idea, and held moodily aloof, but Mr. Plunkett persevered, and ultimately he got round a table at the Dublin Mansion House a most remarkable gathering of Irishmen. Himself a landlord and a Tory, he was able to soothe the susceptibilities of the bearers of historic titles like The O'Connor Don, Lord Mayo, and Lord Monteagle, and bring them into line with Nationalists and Land Leaguers like Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Field, and the scarcely less distrusted Ulster Unionists represented by their leader Mr. Thomas Sinclair. The Rev. Dr. Kane, Grand Master of the Orangemen, signs his name alongside those of Father Finlay the Jesuit and the courtly Monsignor Molloy, and amongst the rest of the signatories those who know Ireland will recognise representatives of every industrial interest, from iron and linen in the North, to brewing, stock-raising, dairying, and agriculture in the South. "In the industrial regeneration of our country," said Mr. Parnell in one of his great moments, "we cannot spare a single Irishman," and in bringing the members of his Committee face to face and securing the presentation of such a weighty and carefully thought-out report, Mr. Plunkett has given the best proof that practical patriotism in Ireland is not confined to any class or section.

We have emphasised this personal and social aspect of the Committee, because it is, in a sense, the most important. The recommendations in themselves are practical and moderate, and are such as, we have little doubt, a few years will see in great part carried out; but they are in no sense startling or original. Some of them were put forward by Lord Londonderry in a remarkable speech delivered in Ireland two years ago; others were urged in the "programme" article in the "National Review," which attracted so much attention in Ireland last October. They are all, practically, the application to the present circumstances of Ireland of the experience of other countries,

notably of France, Wuertemberg, and Hungary. What is significant is that they are now brought forward as the united opinion of a highly representative committee of Irishmen, who, instead of squabbling and wrangling and backbiting, have put their heads together to discover what is the matter with their country, and what may best be done to take away her reproach among the nations. Ten years ago such a committee could not have met, or would have met only to break up in furious recrimination and increased estrangement. Fifty years ago the political economist would have been supreme, and would have overwhelmed the scheme with a lofty rebuke addressed to all who dared to lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred dogma of *laissez faire*, a doctrine which in Ireland at that time was grimly working out as *laissez mourir*, to the entire satisfaction of the economists. And, as if to illustrate the kind of thing that was regarded as fine writing in the forties, the "Times" produced in its article—a day behind the other papers as usual—all the choice fallacies of the old school. We could almost fancy we were reading a musty handbook by Harriet Martineau. For "the State" to attempt to help agriculture would "we know" result in "waste, jobbery, and failure;" "the State" could not be entrusted with "the duty of teaching our farmers to produce eggs." "If our farmers will not take the trouble" to help themselves it is "not in the power of the State to make them do it profitably." And so on, and so on. One would have thought that even the "Times" would have discovered by this time that all these things are precisely what "the State" has been doing for the foreign farmer, from Brittany to Hungary, and from Denmark to Lombardy, for over a generation, with the result which the "Times" will discover if it will turn to its own summaries of the evidence taken before the Agricultural Commission. The "waste" and the "failure" have been in happy England, while the poor "State"-ridden foreigner has been driving us out of our own markets.

The Committee do not profess to have discovered any magic formula that will deliver Ireland at once from the condition to which centuries of misgovernment and discord have reduced her. They recommend a cautious, persevering, experimental policy based on the successful attempts made in other countries to deal with similar evils. To discover the products for which the country is best suited, and to encourage development in this direction by teaching and by example is to be the work of a board specially appointed for the purpose. This Board of Agriculture and Industry should be under the control of a Minister directly responsible to Parliament, and not of a mere Under-Secretary. He should be assisted by a consultative council partly chosen to represent the various districts and interests concerned, and partly nominated for special fitness by the Crown. The work of the new department would be a work of organisation and education. It would be an intelligence department for the industrial enterprise of the country—an agricultural and industrial parliament that would meet from time to time to discuss, to suggest, and to carry out reforms. The Congested Districts Board established by Mr. Balfour half a dozen years ago is at hand to serve as a good model. There "the State" has interfered to help the most poverty-stricken parts of the country. It has provided good seed in place of bad; new breeds of cattle, sheep, pigs, and fowl that fetch twice the price of the old; it has built bridges and made roads and fishing piers; it has lent money for boats and nets, and instructors to teach the people how to catch the fish and how to deal with them when caught; it has lent money for woollen factories and cottage industries; it has planted trees and drained bogs, and "migrated" small tenants bodily. And, wonderful to relate, instead of "failure," "waste," and "jobbery," there have been gratifying success and improvement, moral and material, in the districts affected. Such work on an extended scale all over Ireland could not fail to produce corresponding results. We know to our cost what it has done, to take a single instance, for the dairy and the bacon-curing industries in Denmark. The Committee in their Report lay stress on the experience of Wuertemberg, a kingdom which less than half a century ago was the Ireland of the German States, but which has been transformed by the

intelligent labours of its Agricultural Department into a flourishing little kingdom that does not contain a single pauper. Still more instructive, because more modern, was the work of M. de Baross, the creator and administrator of a similar Department in Hungary. So far, in a word, from being a rash innovation, "the State" will, when it takes up its long-neglected work in Ireland, be simply following the well-tryed example of every European nation that has shaken itself free from the barren formulas of a school of pedants whose every prediction has been falsified. If the Report of the Irish Committee does something to help England also, to free itself from what is left of that school, it will have deserved well of the country.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE naval autumn manœuvres are always divided into three parts or stages, and should properly be regarded from three points of view. There is the mobilization, then the manœuvring exercises, and lastly the strategical and tactical example, in imitation of some possible episode of war. Mobilization has become so much a matter of course, and now runs so smoothly and easily, that we are apt to forget what a tremendous operation it really is, and how high must our organization be carried to complete it. On 3 July the Admiralty announced their intention of organizing two fleets—one of forty-eight sail and one of fifty-seven sail. By the 12th the Channel Fleet was assembled at Portland, short of only one ship, the "Blenheim"; and on the same day the Reserve Fleet, with only the "Landrail" missing, from an unfortunate accident, was ready for sea in Plymouth Sound. At a time when the fancy is to speak to the public as if the Navy were in a very bad state, and as if all the exertions of the last seven years had gone for nothing, or less than nothing, it is well to point to reassuring facts that cannot be gainsaid. On 3 July the intention of sending to sea a great fleet was announced, and in ten days the fleet, consisting of 15 battleships, 25 cruisers, 21 torpedo-gunboats, 20 torpedo-boat destroyers, and 24 torpedo-boats, was actually at sea, and ready in every respect for meeting an enemy. I believe I may say that in only one direction was what may be called effort necessary to achieve this result. A good deal of thought and contrivance must have been required to get together anything like a full staff of officers below the rank of commander. I believe that plenty of men were left behind in the ports to commission a second relay of ships without touching the reserves, but it would have been exceedingly difficult to find officers of the ranks mentioned to correspond. Half a dozen groups of figures make the matter perfectly clear. In 1889 it was well understood that we were short of officers. 49,693 men were in that year voted for the service of the fleet, and there were in all 994 lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, or 2.14 per cent., to command them. This gave an allowance of 55 ready for employment if ships were commissioned. In this year we had 65,757 men voted for the service of the fleet, and 1,182 lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, or but 1.79 per cent., which gave only twelve officers unemployed and ready for emergencies. We have not as yet been able to make the supply of officers correspond with the supply of men, even at the low rate of 2 per cent. A regiment going on service would take near 3 per cent. in captains and lieutenants if it were fully officered. With these figures before us, it stands to reason that some very considerable effort has been necessary to provide officers for the mobilised fleet, and yet I believe the authorised complements are admittedly too small, and would be much larger if we only had the officers. But in spite of this difficulty we do get this great fleet to sea, complete in all respects, and ready for battle at five minutes' notice, in ten days' time. We only minimize the magnitude of the undertaking, and only fail to see how its success makes for peace, because we have got used to it.

The manœuvring exercises properly continue during the whole period the fleet is at sea. They not only embrace testing and practising the skill of the admirals and captains in handling the fleets and the ships, but they test the capacity of the ships for being handled. For many years past we have kept such considerable

fleets in commission, and have so dealt with the tactical handling of them, that few officers now reach captain's rank without having had ample opportunity of understanding the principles of our system of tactics, and of seeing them put in practice. Since these principles were first introduced in 1865, the manœuvring powers of ships have been greatly improved. Control of rudder and engines by the officer in command is not only much more complete than it was, but is much more rapidly applied. This is especially noticed as a consequence of the proportionately increased horsepower. The speed of the ship can be checked in a shorter time and in a smaller space. The consequence is that, though from the increased rapidity of the rudder action, a mistake of helm is less readily corrected by the helm, the error—otherwise dangerous—can generally be rectified by the manipulation of the engines. Though I do not myself think that officers are yet fully alive to the strictly mechanical movements of ships through the water, and hence give their orders tentatively, both as to rudder and engines, when they might be given boldly and once for all, no one acquainted with the incipient manœuvring of thirty years ago can doubt the great strides towards perfection we have since made. But not less important than this tactical handling of fleets, which these annual gatherings improve and extend, is the power of cohesion which fleets may develop in making passages at speed. On the whole, the results reported do not seem unsatisfactory. At first, it may be remembered, the Reserve Fleet was hampered by the failure of the "Edinburgh," so that cohesion in a nominally fourteen-knot squadron could only be obtained by dropping the speed to about ten knots. But this was afterwards improved, so that even this heterogeneous assortment of ships which we are inclined to speak of as obsolete seems to have been cohesive up to a speed of from eleven and a half to twelve knots. The Channel Fleet, composed of later ships, was expected to do better, and proved cohesive up to fourteen knots. Of course those who are accustomed to regard any falling off from the maximum speed under forced draught on the measured mile as a failure so great that nothing but Admiralty blood will atone for it, will scoff at fourteen knots. But it is a good corrective to think of Nelson's three-knot chase of Villeneuve.

The manœuvres this year promised to be of exceptional interest, as illustrative of the tactics of blockade; or, less technically, of the tactics of watching and reporting on the movements of an inferior fleet in a port, coming out of port, and after it had left port. We, perhaps, cannot quite say whether it is fortunate or unfortunate, but it appears probable that little has been added to our knowledge in these particulars. The superior "A" Fleet did not succeed in getting its cruisers off Milford Haven, where the inferior "C" Fleet was harboured, in time to watch it while it was a full port. Two torpedo-boat destroyers seem to have been the sole representatives of the "A B" naval force, off Milford Haven, when the "C" Fleet, just before the declaration of war, at midnight on 24 July, put to sea. One vessel, the "Boxer," gave the news to the Admiral at Kingstown, commanding the "B" Division of the "A B" Fleet, at 2 P.M. on the 25th, and he wired it to Lord Walter Kerr at Berehaven, so that he knew what had taken place by 3 P.M., fifteen hours after the event. Meantime the escaped fleet was steaming, at about the rate of eleven knots, to join its reserve at Tor Bay. When Lord Walter Kerr got the news, Admiral Seymour, with the "C" Fleet, would have been midway between the Lizard and the Start, only fifty-five miles from his port, while his enemy was 240 miles behind him. Of course many questions arise hereon, about which it is difficult to speak without full information. But it is most important to note that though the enemy at sea was only able to afford a couple of torpedo-boat destroyers to watch the fleet in Milford Haven, that fleet could not put to sea on an ideal night without being seen and reported. It is a question whether, when the umpires come to conclusions with all the facts before them, they will not have something to say to the "C" Fleet on the score of its too early movement. War was not declared till midnight on the 24th, but we are told the

order to weigh was given an hour beforehand, and that the fleet was actually at sea at midnight. Had the order to weigh not been given till twelve o'clock it is quite possible that more of Lord Walter Kerr's cruisers would have been on the ground, and then the conditions might have been altered. It would have been almost natural for the "A" fleet at Bantry, with as many as twenty-one cruisers, to have established a chain of vessels two hundred miles long, which, by means of the electric light, might have given it the necessary report in two or three hours. While I write I do not know how this might have been, but it is not impossible that the very early start of the "C" fleet made all the difference. Space does not allow me to carry the examination of the proceedings further on the present occasion.

P. H. COLOMB.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has written a model memoir of a man who deserves to be remembered; it may be said, in Johnsonian manner, that nothing has been included in this memoir which ought to have been omitted, and nothing has been omitted which ought to have been included. James Dykes Campbell was born at Port Glasgow in 1838. His commercial career, first in Scotland, afterwards in Mauritius, was sufficiently successful to enable him to devote his later years to those literary studies which he had loved from the first. Perhaps it was his business faculty which determined him to choose a definite area of literary research; he was not afflicted by vain dreams or misleading ambitions; he gradually accumulated his fortune of knowledge, and did not despise petty gains; everything connected with Coleridge and Coleridge's circle was seized and was retained, retained for the uses of others as well as for his own; the petty vanity and jealousy of the man of letters were unknown to him; his was the easy liberality of the man of business. "He must have had from nature," writes Mr. Stephen, "the scholar's instincts of accuracy and minute observation. They were no doubt heightened by his experience of a merchant's office, which taught him how to work systematically; to keep accounts, whether of money or of facts, clearly; and to appreciate the bearing of minute indications with unflinching common sense." An amusing account is given by Mr. Stephen of the overwhelming generosity of a specialist when the first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" submitted the proof-sheets of his article on Coleridge to Dykes Campbell. Correction and suggestion covered every inch of margin; Mr. Stephen was grateful as was due, but the flesh, he admits, is weak, and "as an author I did occasionally wish that some of those sweepings from countless waste-paper baskets had not been rescued from oblivion."

To establish firm ground in Coleridge's biography was to construct a roadway across the fens. Coleridge's moral nature was as spongy as peat-moss; every statement he makes respecting himself requires to be tested; and unfortunately several of the writers from whom material must needs be drawn—De Quincey, for example, and Joseph Cottle—for one reason or another, can be trusted as little as Coleridge himself. Campbell did not aspire to estimate the character of Coleridge, nor to expound his spiritual life, nor to pronounce judgment on his poetical work, nor to interpret his body of thought or the rich suggestions which he contributed to the speculation of his time. He sought to determine the external facts of the poet's biography, and to apply these to the illustration of his poems; and what he attempted he achieved. He was fully aware, says Mr. Stephen, of Coleridge's many weaknesses, but he felt the pathetic side of his poor mortal wayfaring: "I remember well how Campbell in early days read to me some manuscript letters of Coleridge referring to some business question. To the harsh critic the obvious remark was, that it was totally impossible to make head or tail of the facts, which Coleridge mentioned only, as it seemed, to wind out of all responsibility; and, moreover, that the queer sanctimonious whine which ran

* "Samuel Taylor Coleridge: a Narrative of the Events of his Life." By James Dykes Campbell, with a Memoir of the Author by Leslie Stephen.

through the whole gave a very low impression as to the writer's respect for commonplace morality. Campbell was not in the least blind to such remarks; on the contrary, they tickled his sense of humour deliciously. He laughed over them in the heartiest way, but he also felt pity and sympathy for the poor human creature whose goodness of heart and aspirations for better things appeared through all his strange entanglements."

To glean after the gleaners is not a hopeful task, but I am able to add one tiny item of fact to Mr. Campbell's biography. In the winter of 1819-20, Coleridge announced two sets of lectures to be delivered at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand—one of fourteen on the History of Philosophy, the other on six plays of Shakespeare. The prospectus of the philosophical course is printed by Allsop in his "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of Coleridge" (vol. ii. p. 220). Besides the prospectus there was issued an "Assistant to a Course of Lectures" for the use of the auditors; "it is," says Mr. Campbell, "no doubt a portion of this lost pamphlet which Allsop has printed" at p. 118 of the same volume. The conjecture is correct, but within the last few days a copy of the "lost pamphlet" has been recovered, and it is now in my hands. It consists of an introductory statement, all of which, with the exception of the opening paragraph, has been given by Allsop, and of a chronological table, in three columns—dates, facts in the history of philosophy, and contemporary events. Perhaps it is worth printing here the opening sentences, omitted by Allsop, in which Coleridge pleads against any objection which might be raised against the accuracy of his chronology.

"In a system of chronology, whether for historical or philosophical purposes, the main excellence is self-consistency. It is of far greater importance to be correct in the sequence, or order of succession, than to be accurate in the dates; not to mention that the one is practicable, the other not. Suppose for a moment, that through some secret inspiration, of which the author himself was not aware, a system did coincide with the real dates. It would still be out of our power to prove it; and even its greater probability would rest wholly on its superior self-consistency. For a series of ages, the truth of each particular date must depend on the accuracy of the epoch from which the system commences; and, in profane history at least, the more distant this is, the more conjectural must it be." It is characteristic of the writer that he should value the inner truth of self-consistency above fidelity to external fact. Much historical research may be evaded by the thinker who is content with an hypothesis of history, unverified and uncontrolled by exact chronology.

Coleridge's copy of Schlegel's lectures "Ueber dramatische Kunst und Literatur" (1809-1811), to which he was under certain obligations, is also before me. An evil-minded binder, now doubtless learning in purgatorial fires not to shear away precious margins, has clipped some marginal annotations; but one, which may or may not have already appeared in print, remains. Schlegel has stated that Shakespeare's language is here and there somewhat antiquated, "yet on the whole much less than that of most writers of his time," when English prose was little practised, because learned authors mostly wrote in Latin. Coleridge comments: "This is in all respects a mistake of the truly excellent critic. Our prose was in high perfection. Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries wrote in a style much more modern. Shakespeare's diction is a temple of his own architecture from his own quarries."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE COMING CRISIS IN AMERICA.

IN the storm and stress of political events directly affecting ourselves the serious political crisis, which seemingly is inevitable in the United States, has been lost sight of. And perhaps not unnaturally, when it is seen that even in America the critical condition of affairs is only indifferently appreciated. Just as the Civil War was not anticipated by the North, the situation being entirely misjudged, so now the grave dangers of the situation arising from the battle of the standards have met with no adequate recognition. That grave danger exists which may rend the United

States in twain is not to be denied. Such an emergency closely concerns this country, which should know something more than is culled by telegraph correspondents from the headlines of an excitable Press.

The "platforms" adopted by the two great political parties have been published in this country without attracting much attention. Before commenting on these it is necessary to briefly outline the conditions, seemingly little understood in England, which governed the selections of delegates to the two Conventions—the Republican at St. Louis and the Democratic at Chicago—and the final selection of the platforms or "declarations of principles" and of the candidates.

Since the Civil War the great distinctive difference of principle between the two parties has been the tariff, the Republican being the exponent of high protective duties and the Democrat of low duties, or "duties for revenue only."

The great question of financial policy was brought into prominence when it became evident that the coinage of silver dollars containing fifty-four cents' worth of silver and declaring them worth one hundred cents was equivalent to the issue of forty-six cents in "fiat" money. By the fallacious reasoning of the silver advocates, and by their adroit use, or misapplication, of arguments effective only when applied to bimetallicism treated internationally, a widespread sentiment of tremendous power in favour of "free" or unlimited silver coinage was disseminated, and spread like wildfire throughout large sections of the country.

This silver craze was spread irrespective of strictly party affiliations, but, owing to sectional characteristics of the West and South, took a firmer hold of the Democratic party than of the Republican. The former class of the South and West look to the unlimited coinage of silver as the sure guarantee of wealth to them, and the silver mining regions very naturally desire greater outlets for their product.

The present Administration effected a tariff reduction which lessened the revenue and created a deficit in the national treasury. The loss of customs revenue they expected to cover by a new income-tax—a tax, however, declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional, and which consequently has never become operative. This deficit, whose causes were not appreciated by the people, together with the fortunate fact that the Cleveland Administration is unqualifiedly for the gold standard, has led the "Silver" sentiment of the Democratic party to turn against their own leaders.

For some years a new party—composed of Western farmers, labour agitators, demagogues, and riff-raff of all kinds—called the Populist, has been steadily growing in strength. This party has from its outset been outspoken for silver coinage, and has seized the present opportunity to assert itself.

To summarize, then, there are two great parties divided on the Tariff question, divided also within themselves on the Silver question, and both menaced by a dangerous new Socialistic party calling itself "Populist."

The Republican Convention declared itself unreservedly for sound money and the Gold standard by a large majority; the Silver men left the Convention and proceeded to ally themselves with the Silver agitators of the other sides—the Democrats and Populists.

The Democratic Convention met, and the "Gold men" were far outnumbered by their opponents—a vast unwieldy majority of Silver men, Populist sympathisers, Socialists, and malcontents of all classes—who overwhelmed the earnest, honest, delegates from the Eastern and other Gold States. It was, however, less a genuine cry for "Silver" that was raised than an ill-assorted union of labour, of Socialism, and almost of anarchy, struggling against capital, which assumed the cry of "Free silver" as their watchword. A platform endorsing in undisguised phrases the most revolutionary doctrines was adopted—doctrines aimed not merely against the principles of honest finance, but against the foundation of the strength of the Federal Government.

A large number of delegates declined to vote for Presidential candidates on the basis of the "platform" adopted, and are now organizing a movement of the Sound Money Democrats against the "regular" nomi-

nations of their party. The aim of these Sound Money men will be to assist the election of the Republican nominee, McKinley, either by directly voting for him or by voting for a third candidate possibly to be nominated, and thus dividing the Democratic strength.

The two great parties, thus reorganized, or disorganized, are divided in unqualified terms on the question of gold and silver, and the issue is fairly before the United States. Whether it will be satisfactorily decided or not is in the hands of the Fates. That the fight will be hard, and carried on with infinitely more bitterness than any other election for years, is certain. It is a momentous struggle, for it is in reality a fight of honesty, law, and order against Socialism in its most dangerous form, because partially disguised.

Little need be said of the candidates themselves. It is not of them that people in the United States are thinking or talking—"measures, not men," is the universal sentiment there to-day. McKinley is not held to be a satisfactory candidate because, not intrinsically strong, he is the puppet of the majority. Bryan is unknown and inexperienced, but he possesses the dangerous gift of eloquence, and is a past master in the art of sophistry. McKinley, however, is generally popular, and is pledged to support the party's platform.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

SHERIDAN IN BARREL. II.

IN one of the letters alleged to be Miss Linley's, Mrs. Sheridan is shown scampering about from party to party in chase of her husband, who was living in her house, and whom she had seen in the day, all because she was frantically eager that he should go with her to one particular party! She writes: "MY DEAREST LOVE,—I shall call at the office [what office? The theatre, says Mr. Fraser Rae] for the chance of seeing you, tho' I am afraid it will be in vain. But I write again to beg you would come to us in the Evening, for indeed, my dear Shery, I am never so happy as when you partake my amusements. . . . I shall not, therefore, enjoy this party to-night unless you are of it. We shall not go from Mrs. Nugent's till half-past ten, I dare say. The girls are to come in the coach to me there by ten to go with us, and I shall direct them to call at the House of Commons for you. If it should be up before, leave word where you are to be, and they shall call for you anywhere else. I don't suppose it is necessary to be drest; but if the House sits late, and you cannot come at all, at least send me one little kind line by them to make me feel happy for the rest of the night. If by accident the coach should miss you, Mrs. N. lives in Portman Street. God thee bless, my dear one, believe that I love thee, and will love thee for ever." The absurdity of all this will be seen when it is stated that they had been ten years married; yet she goes hunting him about from "the office" to the House of Commons and to other houses for the chance of seeing him, sending "the girls" after him; and he is to appear at a fashionable party without being "drest."

According to another of these fabrications, we find Mr. Sheridan away in the country—we are to suppose at an election—when his anxious wife writes:—"How rejoiced I shall be to see you again, dear, dear Sheri!" "Sheri," indeed! Every one knows that he was called "Old Sherry," but in the genuine letters his wife addressed him as "My dear Dick," or "Dearest Dick." This letter was addressed to the country, for it is in answer "to the contents of his note," and yet she tells him in advance that "you will find us all at Drury Lane if you make haste. We are assembled at this moment in Mr. Younge's room, and they are all eating mutton chops, while I am writing to you, and the carpenters are setting the scene (a bit of local colour!)." The absurdity of this is again patent. Instead of waiting at her own house, she fixes on the theatre as a trysting-place, where "you will find us all if you make haste." As the letter had to travel to him, and to reach him, the banquet of mutton chops would have been over hours before. And who is this Mr. Younge of the mutton chops? There was a well-known Miss Younge, afterwards Mrs. Pope; but there

was no other Younge, at the time, to cook mutton chops in his room with the manager's wife. All which is meant to give an idea of bustle and flutter—the idolizing wife panting to meet her husband, sending notes from one house to another; instead of being, as any one can see who reads her letters, a woman of fashion, moving in her own set, fond of cards, and, above all, tranquil, sensible, composed, and reserved.

But we have also a genuine letter written by her while Sheridan was away in the throes of his election at Stafford, and it shows how the real Mrs. Sheridan was affected by such a crisis. It is given by Moore. It will be seen that there is nothing of these hysterics, and that it exhibits strong, calm, rational affection. She could write to her "Dearest Dick" to say they were all "full of anxiety and fright"; yet she could tell him also that "we had a very pleasant musical party at Erskine's, where I supped." She had "dined with Lady Palmerston; the Duke of Portland had called." The woman who was frantically pursuing her husband from party to party would not have taken things so tranquilly when such a crisis was going on at Stafford.

In another we have: "I am writing in my bed, Sir. I did not know Edwards was going to town till I was quite undressed, going to bed"—in fact, "half-naked," as usual—"when he knocked at my door." She was angry at not knowing of it before. This man-servant was going up to Town towards midnight! She was probably at Hampton Court, we are told, when she wrote the following: "We expected you [her "Sheri"] last night, and sat up till two in the morning, and waited dinner till five to-day. Do you really long to see me? Dear, dear Sheri, don't be cross; I cannot love you and be perpetually satisfied (!) at such a distance from you." Now, in "Moore's Life," vol. ii., p. 148, we find the genesis of all this—viz., a letter of Mrs. Sheridan's to her "Dear Lissy," from Putney. She writes that her sister, "Dear Mary has been expecting me hourly for the last fortnight [i.e. at Hampton Court]. I propose going there to-night, if Dick returns in any decent time from Town." Here Sheridan is expected; but there is no frantic panting for his arrival. All is composed and rational, if not indifferent: "if he returns in any decent time." In the same letter she is made to ask, "Have you done anything in regard to the Prince which you said you would? If you could get a friend to relieve you from these ruinous annuities at legal interest, it would make us quite happy." This, we really think, is convincing proof of fabrication. So sensible a woman, who knew her Brinsley, would never make so *banal* a suggestion, as though she did not know that Brinsley himself would have got a friend to relieve him, if any such there were to be found or one fool enough to do so. The pedantic phrase, too, "relieve you from these ruinous annuities at legal interest," is like nothing she ever wrote. We shall be told, of course, that these letters are all in Mrs. Sheridan's handwriting, or, rather, in what appears to be her handwriting. But such imitations have often been successfully attempted. We have had plenty of these forgeries, such as the Shelley letters, the Burns papers, and the Thackeray letters. These latter were admirable imitations both in handwriting and matter. Mr. Fraser Rae, somewhat indiscreetly, supplies facsimiles of a genuine letter, as well as of a doubtful one; and we have no hesitation in saying that any expert, or indeed person of average intelligence, who compares them would pronounce the latter to be an imitation.

But this is not all. Our biographer seems to have a hankering after dubious papers of all kinds. Sheridan, we know, was always intending to publish a corrected copy of his "School for Scandal." There is no surprise, therefore, in learning that such an amended copy, or a portion of it, has actually turned up! "I was fortunate enough," says Mr. Fraser Rae, "to find, among a mass of tattered and begrimed papers which had been put aside as worthless, two acts of the comedy which had been prepared by Sheridan for publication." Here is surely "the barrel" again, with the old reserve and mystery. Where were these papers found? To whom did they belong? They did not come from the meagre "muniments at Frampton Court," or we should have been told so. Mr. Fraser Rae is quite silent on the point. It is odd, certainly, that the barrel

* Mr. Fraser Rae's recently published "Life of Sheridan."

documents were also described as being "begrimed" and dirty, as if damaged by water and immured in the cellars. Could the "School for Scandal" remnants have been a portion of these? We cannot tell, and can only speculate. In these so-called "corrections" we are bidden to admire how Sheridan "did not neglect even the stage directions." Thus, we have "Lady Sneerwell discovered at her toilet." "Now," says Mr. Fraser Rae in his most sapient style, "no one has ever asked why discovered. Sheridan saw the absurdity of this word, and corrected it to 'Room in Lady Sneerwell's house. Lady Sneerwell at her toilet.'" No one, of course, asks why "discovered," because every one, save Mr. Fraser Rae, would know that it is a familiar stage direction meaning "discovered by the rising of the curtain." Again, Snake says that Sir Peter acted "as a kind of guardian" to the Surfaces. Our biographer tells us that Sheridan "saw that he had made a slip, as a man is either a guardian or he is not, a kind of one being an absurdity." There is an absurdity, but it is not in Snake's remark. So it becomes "acted as guardian" simply. These emendations, we suspect, must have come from the hand that made Miss Linley write that she was "half-naked." Again, the common text runs: "Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me why you, the widow of a City knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character as Mr. Surface." This becomes: "Now, on the face of these circumstances, which I am sure I state fairly, it seems, &c., why you, a widow—your own mistress and independent in your fortune, &c., should not close with the addresses, &c." Mr. Fraser Rae, then, interpreting Sheridan's meaning, tells us that the speaker would not remind the lady that she was the "widow of a City knight." But he does not see that this is mentioned as a *bonâ-fide* compliment to her importance. These "corrections" seem not worth making or reproducing, and are too ridiculous to be Sheridan's.

But what will be said to this gloss? A servant announces that "Mrs. Candour is below, and, if your ladyship is at leisure, will leave her carriage." Lady Sneerwell answers: "Beg her to walk in." On which Mr. Fraser Rae: "Sheridan perceived that as Mrs. Candour was seated in her carriage, it was a mistake to ask her to walk in." Surely the most comic *non sequitur* that has been seen for years. So he altered the phrase to "I shall be happy to see her." Would he have the lady *drive* in? Who, will it be supposed, kept the books of Drury Lane Theatre, a vast establishment, with some hundreds of *employés*, ledgers, and the rest? Not the well-known treasurer, Peake, with a staff of clerks, but Mrs. Sheridan herself! Aye, and kept them, Mr. Fraser Rae assures us, "with irreproachable care and neatness." An admired, fashionable lady keeping books! This takes one's breath away. One is inclined to take a candle and ask leave to inspect the bumps on the biographer's head, as Charles Lamb did once.

Though Mr. Fraser Rae was specially secured by Lord Dufferin to "whitewash" his ancestor, he has discharged the office so blindly and with such an absence of tact that he has succeeded in damaging his reputation in a way that no one has attempted before. He actually charges him with having an adulterous intrigue with Mrs. Crewe, the good, the respected, the admired of her generation! More outrageous still, he founds this gross charge on a statement of Sheridan's own sister, who merely says that her brother was in the train of Mrs. Crewe's admirers and more favoured than the rest! Not content with this, he seems to insinuate that Sheridan, when "courting" Miss Linley, was carrying on an intrigue with a doctor's wife at Waltham! It is really astonishing how Lord Dufferin, who read the proofs, and took the unusual course of supplying ten pages of praise, signifying that "the family" were satisfied with the way in which the biographer had discharged his task, should have sanctioned these absurd and calumnious charges.

Even Sheridan's red face, awkward testimony to his excesses, is explained away in a most ludicrous fashion. Lord Dufferin, constrained to admit the charge of drunkenness, feebly pleads that a glass or two would

"overset the delicate equipoise of his brain," while his henchman solemnly urges that a red face may be owing to other causes, and calls on an eminent "dermatologist" of our time to testify that he has known instances where this was the case. What is the value of this nonsense, in the face of Sheridan's penitent avowal to his second wife that this "one vile habit" had been his ruin?

In conclusion—so as to drive the nail home—we shall give one more convincing proof of the spurious character of these Linley letters.

On one occasion we find the lady writing to her lover at midnight—"twelve o'clock" it is headed. True she had just parted from him, having met him at a party; but that is a trifle. She writes a few sentences, then announces that it is close on one o'clock!

On the whole, then, it will be admitted that the very gravest suspicion attaches to these papers, and that further inquiry is necessary, were it only for the sake of Mr. Gladstone, who, no doubt relying on the portrait here presented of Miss Linley, has assured us that, of all bygone women, she was the one he most longed to have known.

THE LIFE OF PLANTS.

THE public have long contented themselves with assigning a limited and comparatively low degree of vitality to the vegetable kingdom. Animals wander at pleasure on the land, in the air, or in the water. They quarrel and they love, and exhibit their sensations of pleasures and pains in ways intelligible to us. Plants remain rooted in the soil; for migration from place to place they await the caprice of the winds, the unconscious aid of animals, or the selfish intelligence of man. When we see the dung-beetle rolling up its ball of dung that its eggs may have warmth and its grubs food, we praise the patience and foresight of the animal; when we see the club-headed hairs of our English insect-eating sundew bend over to imprison its prey, we marvel at the devices of Nature. At the most, we attribute to plants a dull process of growth not very different from the formation of the crystal in the rocks. Accurate work upon the structure and functions of plants shows that such views are quite erroneous. The living part of plants is composed of protoplasm, precisely as in animals. In both this protoplasm is arranged in little masses, with separate individualities, called *cells*. In animal cells there is frequently no protective membrane or cell-wall; when such exists, for the most part it is delicate, highly elastic, and inconspicuous. In plant cells the wall is thick, nearly rigid, and is the most obvious structure when a tissue is placed under the microscope. But these thick cell-walls are not living; they are a dead framework formed by the living protoplasm of the cells, and serve merely as a supporting skeleton as mechanically separate from the living material as is the wooden trellis-work supporting a vine. The chief difference is that as the plant grows it adds to the thickness of its own trellis-work, and forms new meshes. Of course the analogy is not exact, as the cell-walls form, not open meshes, but little hollow compartments. In the walls of these are numberless minute apertures, through which the protoplasm of adjoining cells is continuous, forming a common living mass from the top of the highest tree down to the tiniest root.

All this protoplasm is active, contractile, irritable, motile like the protoplasm of animals. In cases favourable for observation, as in the hairs of a nettle, it may be seen creeping round and round the edges of the cell wall, or, as in the coloured hairs from the flower of a spider-wort, flowing in continuous meshes all through the central cell-space. Movements of plants, like the drooping of the leaves of the sensitive plant upon irritation, or the slower folding of the leaves of the wood-sorrel in its nightly sleep, are caused by contractions of the protoplasm in special tracts of cells, by which water is squeezed out, and the shrivelled tissues allow the unsupported leaves to droop. All these, like movements of animals, can be produced, arrested, or destroyed, by external agencies. An electric current, such as causes a muscle to contract, makes the leaves of the insect-eating *Dionea* snap together. Heating to the same temperature, about 40 degrees Centigrade,

permanently arrests all protoplasmic movement in animals or plants. A lesser heat produces in both the temporary cessation of movement called heat-rigor. Plants, like animals, can be narcotised by chloroform and ether, and in the same way, after a lapse of some time, recover from the effects.

But it is in the lower forms of plant life, in those minute green single-celled plants that live on the surface of the sea and almost everywhere in fresh water, that one sees most plainly the capacity of plant protoplasm to move as actively as animal protoplasm. For most of these pass through a motile phase of life, a stage in which the little green mass has an actively vibrating tail, which is a whip-like projection of protoplasm that by ceaseless waving motion propels the vagrant organism through the water. Between such low forms of plant life and low forms of animal life discrimination is always a matter of difficulty, and not infrequently a matter of dispute among experts. Some certainly are plants; some certainly are animals; others are claimed with equal reason by botanists and zoologists.

It used to be considered that the absorption of nourishment by the roots of a plant and its distribution by the circulation of the sap were mere mechanical processes. Now, however, we know that they depend upon the vital activity of the protoplasm of the plant. Animals and plants—in fact, all living protoplasm—require water, heat-giving or carbonaceous food like starch or sugar, and flesh-forming or nitrogenous food like lean beef or white of egg. Animals for the most part take these in by the mouth. They are absorbed in the gut and carried to the tissues by the blood. Green plants are able to build up their starchy food from the gases in the air. Water and nitrogenous food in the form of simple soluble salts like nitrates they absorb by the roots. Partly by the aid of special vessels or channels, partly also along the continuous chain of protoplasm from cell to cell, these supplies, coming up from the roots and down from the leaves, are distributed to every living cell in the plant-body. The older view was that all this happened in obedience to simple physical laws: the starch formed in the leaves was turned into sugar, and that diffused slowly through the tissues of the plant, just as a lump of sugar melting in a tea-spoon at the surface of a cup of tea would gradually sweeten the whole. But it is found that living protoplasm will not allow soluble substances to diffuse through it as they would diffuse through dead material. Sometimes more, sometimes less passes through than would happen in obedience to the physical law. So also, the nitrates of the soil do not simply, dissolved in water, diffuse into the delicate hairs on the roots. These, in the first place, liberate an acid secretion which acts upon the particles of the soil and prepares them for absorption, just as the food of animals is prepared by the action of juices shed upon it, before it is absorbed by the blood. The cells of the roots, moreover, select and reject, taking less of some things and more of others than the laws of diffusion would dictate. In hot climates evaporation from the surface of the soil is sometimes so rapid that the water, coming up impregnated with salts from the subsoil, leaves these as a white crust on the surface of the ground. It was thought that the constant evaporation of water, from the immense area of the leaves of a plant, drew up a current of water which brought with it into the plant and left behind in the tissues the soluble salts of the soil. Evaporation from the leaves certainly assists the ascending current of nutrient sap; but this occurs under the regulation of the vital activity of the protoplasm of the cells. Evaporation of water does not take place all over the leaves. It occurs through a number of minute openings guarded each by a pair of cells which form movable lips. By the contraction of the protoplasm of these lips, sometimes the little mouths gape widely, sometimes they are compressed, and the amount of the evaporation is in this way regulated by the needs of the plant. But even this is not a complete account of the protoplasmic regulation of the ascent of the sap. If the stem of an actively growing plant be cut across, and a tube containing mercury be attached in place of the foliage-bearing part, it can be seen that there is an upward pressure of the sap sufficient to sustain a considerable weight of

mercury. The upward current goes on independently of evaporation, and this upward current is caused chiefly by active absorption on the part of the living protoplasm of the roots. An interesting illustration of this may be seen in plants grown in London. The roots are protected from the noxious influences of fogs and gases by the soil; but the delicate mouths of the leaves frequently become choked by dust and by a greasy deposit from fogs. When this happens, evaporation may cease almost entirely; but the roots continue to absorb water, and the plant not unfrequently dies in a condition of dropsy, the cells being bloated and turgid with water, and no longer able to discharge their normal functions.

THE BAYREUTH PILGRIMAGE.

"THE pilgrimage to Bayreuth became a privilege of the rich and well-bred, and to have been to Bayreuth came to be a great social distinction among the snobs of both worlds." Thus Max Nordau; and I trust that what he says may still hold true. One needs some compensation for a week lost out of the precious summer holiday, and for that awful journey across unromantic, dusty Germany. Merely to have seen a set of performances of "The Nibelungs' Ring" is not enough; I want to be rich and well-bred and a snob and to have social distinction as well. What I want will doubtless come to me some day—everything I want comes to me; and meantime I comfort myself with the reflection that no musical critic can be considered competent unless he has been to Bayreuth. At one time my way of thinking was otherwise; but now I have been to Bayreuth. Henceforth for ever I shall thrust Bayreuth down everyone's throat; there is no opponent of mine but shall have "Bayreuth, Bayreuth, Bayreuth," rubbed into him until he hates the word. "You think the performance of 'The Valkyrie' at Covent Garden last night was good, do you?—you should have seen it at Bayreuth!" or "You don't think it was very fine? I assure you the Bayreuth performance didn't come within many a mile of it!" This, I have observed, is the agreeable habit of my friends who have been to Bayreuth, or Munich, or Rome, or any other place which I have not visited. How often have I and my objections been utterly crushed together under the weight of "That's how they do it at Munich"! I once sat down abashed when I was told that at Munich they got through the first act of "Tristan" in forty minutes! Now my revenge shall be sweet and long. I have—for my sins—been to Bayreuth. I shall probably never take the trouble to go again; but at least I shall be able to assert that at Bayreuth they get through the whole "Ring" in thirty minutes.

A curious thing may be noted here by the observant. Trains are constantly bringing crowds into Bayreuth; and yet the town seems to get no fuller, and though this is the second week of the festival the trains very frequently go away comparatively empty. I am informed that there is a fine lunatic asylum in the neighbourhood, but, not having seen it, I do not wish to insinuate that it has the slightest connexion with the phenomenon just mentioned. At the same time I am fully convinced that nine-tenths of the people who come here are nine-tenths mad; and it is quite possible that the excitement of the last scene of the "Dusk of the Gods" may give them the finishing stroke—drive them over the arbitrarily placed line that divides madness from sanity. The proof of the people's madness is that they actually believe they are witnessing very fine performances of the dramas of "The Ring"; yea, they will argue, should one oppose them, that "The Valkyrie" was beautiful, and go so far as to assert that "The Rhinegold" was impressive; and no better proof could be desired than this of complete madness, of entire loss of judgment, loss of memory, loss of the power of distinguishing lovely tones from unlovely, beautiful colours from ugly, graceful gestures from awkward. Bayreuth has its good points, and for many reasons it is an institution to be supported; but it must be stated most emphatically at the outset that it does not give fine performances. I will devote my next article to its fine features and to the reasons why it is worthy of

support ; but at present I feel the urgent need of relieving my soul by an unbiassed account of the singing and acting it offers in return for our money. I will begin with "The Valkyrie." If there is one character in that opera who, at worst, must outrage neither our eyesight nor our hearing, and who, at best, cannot be too lovely in looks and in voice, it is Sieglinde, the woman of infinitely tender heart who has been sold into legalized prostitution to a boor, and who is so divinely beautiful in face, in form, and in manner, that Siegmund, almost at the first glance, is swept off his feet by a passion to possess her. There are two or three good Sieglindes in Europe, the best of them perhaps being Susan Strong, who sang in Mr. Hedmond's season last year and then disappeared. There are (probably) two or three hundred bad Sieglindes in Europe, and decidedly the worst of them all is Sucher. But Sucher is a power in Germany ; her admirers are many and rich ; and if she wants to sing Sieglinde Mrs. Cosima Wagner must needs allow it. It is true Wagner would not have allowed it ; and it is true that Bayreuth pretends to carry on the establishment as Wagner would have it carried on ; but that is a matter to be discussed later. Sucher is not a woman to be spared, for, having position and power, she spares no one—not the humblest novice in her profession. After Miss Brema had made a success at the last festival, it is said that Sucher deliberately endeavoured to spoil her German career. I have no desire to spoil any one's career ; and I could not spoil Sucher's if I tried ; but at least I can tell the truth about her. And if my readers ask me to give them a fair impression of her Sieglinde, I can only say that the advent of a large white cow in the first act would have been less disconcerting to me. She did not gore Siegmund : she did worse—she sang to him ; and to get a faint notion of Sucher's singing one need only think of a voice no better than Albani's constantly being forced to ten times Albani's degree of loudness, and in consequence of the forcing becoming huskier in every bar of the opera, so that at last when she tries to sing a phrase softly she produces only a noise like the scraping of a stick on a stone. Her acting is better, in its way ; but its way is one I hope the English will never learn to like. Sucher is charged full with the German notion of showing her warmth of feeling. She is determined to be warm at all costs ; and she flames and flares around the stage, scorching the unlucky Siegmund, nearly choking him at times, in a manner that seems highly gratifying to German tastes, but is certainly not artistic. One or two touches, probably taught her in the days when "The Ring" was yet young, sometimes make one wonder whether a few minutes of genuine acting are coming ; but with unflinching regularity some extravagant display comes afterwards to despoil one of that half-fledged hope. In a word, I do not think very highly of Sucher ; though from the point of view of the Germans—who demand shouting for singing, and feeling for artistic acting—she does her work well enough ; and for that reason I consciously refrain from being so hard upon her as I might fairly be. The Siegmund was no other than our recent acquaintance Gerhäuser ; and a less tolerable Siegmund would be hard to find. When he was in London I thought his singing as much as my nerves would stand ; but they proved stronger than I anticipated ; for I have survived his acting. And his acting defies description. I remember a lady at one of the music-halls who imitated a marionette ; and her movements were rather like Gerhäuser's, though perhaps the German's acting is rather more suggestive of a marionette trying to imitate a human being.

Luckily Sucher and Gerhäuser appeared only in "The Valkyrie ;" and as offsets against them we had Brema and Perron in the same opera, and Burgstaller in "Siegfried" and "The Dusk of the Gods." The two first are really great artists, the last, if not actually great, is at any rate fairly satisfying. For the first time within my recollection the part of Fricka was made other than a nuisance ; and Miss Brema succeeded in redeeming it because she sang every bar of it with beautiful tone, perfect phrasing, and genuine, though far from exaggerated, sentiment, and because she acted with intelligence and carefully cultivated grace as well as dignity. She has plenty of

dignity—in fact, little as I like to write the words, too much dignity at times ; but her dignity is of the elastic sort, unlike the stiffness which most prima donnas give us instead of dignity, the stiffness of the poker that can—and probably will—break, but will not on any account bend. And in such a desert of howlers as Bayreuth her lovely singing is an unspeakable relief. Perron, also, is a magnificent singer, with rather more voice and rather less intelligence and energy than our own Bispham (who, by the way, would certainly have been engaged for Bayreuth if Bayreuth were all it pretends to be). His person is rather of the sort affected by Micawber's eldest son, who, it may be remembered, was in himself a refutation of the whole of modern anatomy and the law of gravitation. But when he is not hurried, when he has time to consider where he must set down each foot, his Wotan is sturdy enough to pass ; and even when his movements are most uncouth in their angularity the nobility and beauty of his singing prevent one smiling. Next to Bispham's his Wotan is the best I have seen. Burgstaller was the Siegfried, and he may be dismissed in a few words. He is good enough, but by no means too good. He is unacquainted with the "business" of the part, and (for instance) had whipped the red-hot sword out of the water and fastened it into the vice while the steam was still rising and the music was still depicting the bubbling and hissing. One mistake like this does not count ; but so many as Burgstaller made rather mar a performance. His voice is a fair one, evidently "made in Germany." Miss Gulbranson, the Brunnhilde, also has a fair voice, and she uses it fairly well ; but she is entirely deficient in personal charm, and her acting is steeped in Bayreuthism. I do not propose to discuss at length the quality of the performances achieved by these artists. "The Rhinegold" was pleasing ; "The Valkyrie" was very bad ; the best scenes in "Siegfried"—the forging of the sword, the awakening of Brunnhilde, the love duet—entirely missed fire owing to Burgstaller's mistakes and Miss Gulbranson's want of passion ; and even "The Dusk of the Gods," admirable though it was in parts, was something of a disappointment.

For years the artists have been no better than these—on some occasions they are said to have been very much worse ; for years the performances have been no better than this year's performances ; yet English people, worth £7,000 to the Wagner "administration," and worth at least thrice as much to the hotels and restaurants, continue to crowd in, regardless of the possibility of it becoming necessary temporarily to incarcerate them in the local refuge for highly developed Wagnerians—I don't mean Villa Wahnfried—until their relatives prepared padded rooms, furnished with grand pianos and Wagner's scores, at home. They take themselves and the opera with fearful seriousness. Ladies and gentlemen, whose conversation has sometimes spoilt whole evenings for me at Covent Garden, may be seen flying in hot haste with the perspiration streaming off them, lest the doors close and they should be Bayreuthed for an act. To be Bayreuthed is a tragedy indeed. During my first two days I really thought that the asylum had overflowed, and that the keepers had let the less dangerous patients loose, hoping they would not be noticed in the crowd of mad people outside ; but afterwards I learnt that the wild-eyed individuals, who started to run whenever a railway shunter blew his horn, had merely been Bayreuthed once, and were morbidly anxious that it should not happen again. To prevent it happening lots of people go straight from breakfast to the delightful restaurant in the woods, and stay there all the afternoon eating until the theatre opens. They are just as anxious not to miss a note when they get inside. The moment the doors are closed and the lights turned down a melodramatic "hush" spreads over the audience as the circle of ripples widens when a stone is thrown into a pond ; and the dead silence is not broken until the last chord of the act is sounded and the lights go up again. Then, no matter how atrocious the singing may have been, or how wooden the acting or vulgar the scenery, there is frantic enthusiasm ; and when you talk to your Wagnerite friends outside they cannot be induced to admit that the performance in any respect fell short of perfection. Or, what is worse, if you compel them to own that

Fräulein A.'s screeching was more tolerable than Frau B.'s howling, and Frau B.'s howling not so bad as Herr C.'s growling, they assert that at any rate the acting was splendid and the scenery magnificent. This ought to be a final proof of their lunacy; for as a matter of fact the scenery is not magnificent—though it is undoubtedly magnificently managed, which is a different affair—nor is the acting splendid. The acting at Bayreuth is already degenerating into a series of mechanical poses—if it was ever anything else, which I begin to doubt. At the beginning it must indeed have been an unutterable relief and delight to those who had suffered under the rule of the Italian footlighting, satin-slipped tenor; but in twenty years the world has gone ahead of Bayreuth; and now the acting of those who follow “the Meister's” traditions cannot compare for grace, power and significance with the acting of (for instance) David Bispham or Susan Strong. Whoso has a spear sets the butt end on the ground and holds on as a drunken man does to a lamp-post; whoso has a sword or a drinking horn elevates it as high as possible above his head at every opportunity; the hero sticks chin and chest into the air until you are afraid he will tumble over backwards; the low-spirited god tries to wipe his nose upon his boots. And when the artists are not doing one or other of these poses they generally ramble about the stage, apparently looking for something, like a German military officer who has dropped a five-pfennig piece in a restaurant. I assert that this kind of thing is not good acting; that the Bayreuth acting is generally as bad in its way as Italian opera acting; and that often it is not acting at all. And, perfectly as the scenery is worked, the colours are for the most part so intolerably crude, so unlike anything in nature, that when anyone tells me he admires it I wonder whether he should be in the place already referred to, or is merely colour-blind. There is one thing, however, which I agree with everyone in admiring—the orchestra. The players are not so good as our Englishmen—for the best instrumental players come to London as soon as possible, where the best prices are paid; but dominated by Mottl in a way which shows how much greater he is than any other living conductor, they got effects which I have heard from no other orchestra, and which perhaps can only be got in the Wagner theatre.

But not even the orchestra accounts for the English rushing to Bayreuth, or for the fact that they think everything they hear and see there unapproachably fine. For my part, I believe they go to admire because Bayreuth is the vogue, the craze of the hour, like the last Oberammergau Passion Play. And having swept away the greater part of its pretensions, I will try to show next week why it is an admirable institution, how there is much to be enjoyed by every artistic soul, and why it should be supported

J. F. R.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE RAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

JOHANNESBURG, 13 July, 1896.

THE Second Volksraad, although opposed by all the forces of “Bung,” is happily making a loyal and earnest effort to cope with one of the great obstacles to progress. I refer to the question of the supply of liquor to natives. The Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the present Liquor Law have now issued their report, and on the whole that report is favourable to the view that in total prohibition lies the only real, absolute remedy to the evils arising from the present unrestricted sale of liquor to the native mine employees. The Commission report the receipt of numerous memorials asking for:—1. The abolition of the sale of liquors to Kaffirs; 2. The abolition of roadside hotels; 3. The abolition of special permits; and 4. A reduction of the number of canteens in towns and villages. They were further assisted in the consideration of these memorials by the report of the Mining Inspector of Krugersdorp on accidents to Kaffirs caused by drink, and a letter from the Natal Government requesting the co-operation of the Transvaal Government in prohibiting the sale of drink to Kaffirs. With these memorials and other documents before them, it was the desire of the majority of the Commission to

abolish the sale of drink to Kaffirs; but after consulting the Government, the Commission have resolved to make more stringent the clauses in the existing law which deal with this point, and they have added a supplementary provision whereby the State President is permitted, in such districts as he considers necessary, to forbid by proclamation the sale of drink to Kaffirs. Further, the Commission have resolved, taking into consideration the many memorials on the subject, to recommend that the outside canteens be abolished, and also to limit the number of canteens in towns and villages. The Commission consider that the time has arrived when a limit must be put to the shameful misuse of strong drink, and therefore they have made the law as stringent as possible. The Commission propose that the new law come into operation on January 1, 1897, and that the supplementary provision—giving power to the President to prohibit sale to Kaffirs in proclaimed districts—be made effective in the Johannesburg, Boksburg, and Heidelberg mining districts. This report is now before the Raad for discussion, and the general tendency of that body seems to be towards adoption of the recommendations put forward by the Commission, while there are not wanting those who support out and out prohibition so far as the mine natives are concerned. In the meantime the opposition has rallied its forces; pathetic pictures have been, and are being, drawn of the ruin and desolation which would follow to thousands directly or indirectly dependent upon the liquor industry by any wholesale limitation of the trade; and as some of the largest distillers and canteen holders are men of immense influence, private and public, in Government circles, the prospect of any really beneficial legislation, this year at least, is not nearly so hopeful as appears on the surface. Nevertheless, the legislative mind—which, like the poet's, is hard to fathom—is gradually but surely being won over to a recognition of the manifold evils of the present unrestricted traffic, and Reform is appreciably nearer.

The total gold output for June has been declared at 193,640 ounces, of which amount 159,933 ounces have been contributed by the companies comprised in the Chambers of Mines group, those owing allegiance to the Association of Mines being responsible for the balance of 33,707 ounces. The June output, though 1,368 ounces behind that of May, and 7,000 ounces behind that of the corresponding month last year, when the 200,000 record was first attained, is an eminently satisfactory one under all the circumstances. For it has to be borne in mind that June is one milling day shorter than May, a fact which in itself accounts for a difference of several thousand ounces. Moreover, in the former month's return were included amounts won by the Treasury in March and April and other amounts won from Jumpers' Tailings during April. And, finally, the suspension of milling operations at the Langlaagte Estate and other mines was responsible for a serious shortfall. In the case of the first-named, for instance, it meant a clear five days' loss, owing to the scarcity and the irregularity of the coal supplies. That the mines should so well have combated this and the many other serious difficulties which still beset them on all hands is a very gratifying sign of the inherent vitality and recuperative force of the industry, a circumstance which can only be adequately appreciated by those who really know how many and complex are the drawbacks which still attend its legitimate expansion. There is still the native labour question, and, as matters gravely affecting the profits on production, native wages, the increased cost of native food supplies, and the higher price of fuel. Despite all these difficulties, however, the industry is fast regaining its lost ground, new stamps are dropping every week, new companies are entering the producing ranks every month, and August, possibly even July, may pretty confidently be relied upon to furnish a fresh record in the monthly yield of these marvellous fields. The present record is the 203,573 ounces of August 1895. That record will not survive three months longer.

In the face of the niggardly policy pursued towards the subordinates of the public service, in startling contradistinction to the lavish liberality displayed towards the higher officials, it is not surprising to find abuses and speculation flourishing to a scandalous and

disproportionate extent. It is to be hoped that, in the interests of those who are subjected to unnecessary temptations, rather than in the interests of the public revenues, the competent inspection of public offices which has been asked for by a leading First Raad member will meet with prompt approval.

A Pretoria paper announces that the Bewaarplaatsen Question, which has long lain dormant, is now again assuming a definite form, and that the Commission appointed by Government is now busily at work inquiring into the action of the Minister of Mines and the local Mining Commissioner in converting 173 water-rights and bewaarplaats into ordinary claims, and giving them to the companies as such. The Commission was appointed by the Second Raad last year, in the belief that those responsible for the conversion had done so *ultra vires*, and in excess of the power vested in them. It is estimated that 523 claims in all, valued on the basis of the adjoining claims at £7,500 per claim, or about four millions in all, form the basis of the dispute.

Details of the amended contract between the Government and the Pietersburg Railway Company—which is to open up communication with the Northern Gold Fields—as confirmed by the First Raad have now been published. The contract gives this Government the right to take up three hundred thousand pounds out of the half-million capital of the Company, which will be paid into the Pretoria branch of the National Bank for accounts of the directors so soon as the Company is registered in London and the remaining £200,000 paid up. The Government Railway Commissioner is to have the right to appoint one director to the London Board, which at present consists of five members; but should the power to increase the membership to nine be exercised, the Government will have the right to nominate two more directors. The local Board to be formed at Pretoria will consist of three directors, two of whom will be appointed by the Government and one by the Company, and they will be qualified to deal with and decide upon all matters concerning the construction of the line—their decision in cases where a difference exists between them and the Directors in London being final. A further clause of the amended contract provides that the first issue of debentures shall not be made until the Railway Commissioner is convinced that at least £400,000 of the capital has been paid out or obligations to that amount incurred. It is supposed by Mr. Smit, the Railway Commissioner, that debentures for a million and a half will eventually be issued to complete the line.

There are changes impending in the French Consular representation in the Transvaal, according to a local weekly, which announces that the French Government have appointed M. des Coutures, French Vice-Consul for the Transvaal, *vice* M. Brochon, the present Consular Agent, and that Mr. Aubert, the French Consul in Pretoria, will be raised to the rank of Consul-General. The question of the retirement of Sir Jacobus de Wet, and the true causes which led up to his resignation as British Agent, are in the meanwhile arousing considerable interest here. With a view to dispelling any misapprehensions which may have arisen in the public mind through the cabled summary of that gentleman's letter to the "Saturday Review," the "Financial Record" has, with commendable enterprise, and somewhat to the consternation of its less wide-awake contemporaries, published, with appropriate comment, the full text of Sir Jacobus's despatch of 1 May last, to Mr. Chamberlain. This document, which is only the prelude to others which the "Financial Record" announces for an early date, throws an altogether new light on the facts which led up to the resignation of the late British Resident and the grievances under which he felt himself to be labouring. Its publication, at this most opportune moment, has already created a revulsion of popular feeling in favour of a loyal servant of the Crown who is now recognized to have been treated with shabbiness and ingratitude. It is hoped that, now that his case has been clearly and properly stated, justice will be done and reparation made to one who has undeservingly been credited with sins of commission and omission the blame and responsibility for which should in fairness be placed on very different shoulders.

The Consolidated Main Reef Mines and Estate,

Limited, has just been formed under most influential auspices, to comprise in one powerful group a block of 2513.69 claims on the farm Klein Paardekraal, including generally the Paardekraal mynpacht belonging to the Consolidated Goldfields; and the claims of the South African Trust and Finance, A. L. Syndicate, Cohn, Hains, De Meillon, and Kitsey blocks. The Company will have a capital of £1 shares, of which 297,650 shares will be issued in payment of the claims acquired, 50,000 shares have been taken up by the shareholders at 35s. per share to provide working capital, and the remaining 88,500 shares are held in reserve under a contingent option of 40s. The conditions under which this option may be exercised are as follows:—The directors of the Company are authorized, should such a step seem to them advisable, to increase the nominal capital of the Company to £800,000, and in the event of this increase being made, 50,000 of the new issue of shares would be devoted to providing additional working capital, while the balance would be utilized in the acquisition of certain adjoining claims and properties in connexion with which important developments are contemplated. In the event of this increase being effected, 100,000 working capital shares would be immediately issued and guaranteed by Messrs. Barnato Brothers, S. Neumann, and A. Bailey at 35s. per share, and as considerations for this guarantee the firms in question would be granted an eighteen months' option over the first-named 88,500 reserve shares at 45s. per share. The very best possible results are anticipated to accrue to the district in which these various claims and properties are situated by their amalgamation on a working basis under the auspices of capitalists whose names are associated with the progress and development of the Witwatersrand fields generally.

There have, again, been revived those vague rumours, emanating from no one knows where, and mysteriously portending no one clearly knows what, which were so successful in perpetuating the feeling of anxiety and unrest which followed upon the events of January last. As far as can be judged, however, by those whose opportunities and sources of information enable them to gauge the situation more accurately, there is not the slightest ground for the fears foolishly entertained of a renewal of any political crisis. It is a very great pity that these disturbing rumours should be resuscitated at a time when the industry and the various activities dependent upon it are straining every effort to recover lost ground and establish these fields, and the vast interests bound up in them, upon a course of legitimate expansion and development. It is now more than ever necessary to warn readers at home to discredit any irresponsible reports emanating from this side as to "strained situations," and to attribute them rather to the market manipulators than to those who pull the political strings. There will probably be a little blowing off of patriotic steam when the Reform movement and the Jameson raid come to be discussed in the Raad; but at bottom the relations between the governing race and the governed are certainly more cordial—even though that cordiality be founded on mutual mistrust—than they have been for a long time past.

MONEY MATTERS.

DURING the last week the ruling rate for three months' fine bills has been from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Call loans have been generally quoted at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On Tuesday, which was pay day for Consols, there was a fair demand for money; but there was an increased supply on the following day owing to the payment of some of the railway dividends. Bar silver has been firm at 31½ per ounce. Consols are a shade lower both for money and for the account. There has been no change in India sterling, but there has been a harder tendency in Rupee Paper. No change worth noting has taken place in Colonial stocks.

The attendance in the Stock Exchange has been very small again this week, many of the chief operators being away on their holidays. On Saturday there was generally a cheerful tone; but this was checked on Tuesday by the failure of a big Chicago firm, Messrs. Moore

Brothers, who were largely interested in New York Biscuit and Diamond Match stocks. It is reported that their liabilities are estimated at £4,000,000. This failure had the effect of sending Yankees down again and of producing a sympathetic depression in other markets. Since then there has been a slight recovery; but a general dullness seems probable for some little time, although the Convention of the Gold Democrats may have a good effect on the Yankee Market.

Business is very quiet in the Mining Market, little interest being shown by those few operators who are still in London. There is every probability of a further fall in Chartered, although it is unlikely that they will go as low as £2, as is expected in some quarters. The West Australian Market has been irregular, the result of the general inanition being that practically no business has been transacted, and therefore no rise or fall worth noting has been recorded.

Even the Cycle Share Market suffered to a certain extent from the prevailing slackness at the beginning of the week. In Birmingham Dunlop Ordinary and Deferred are firm on a slight improvement which took place at the beginning of the week; and in Dublin the Ordinaries have also been strong. Very little has been done in Beestons, and Rudge-Whitworths have also been inactive. On Thursday, however, there was a great increase of business in Birmingham, the activity of Humber Extensions being unusual for this time of the year; they closed buyers at 8s. premium. There was also a rise of 5s. in Star cycles.

The half-yearly dividend of the London and North Western is exceptionally good, being quite up to the expectations of the most sanguine; it is at the rate of 6½ per cent., with a probable £50,000 to be carried into the next account; this, however, is not yet announced. It would require over £200,000 to pay the increase of 1 per cent. for six months on the Ordinary Stock. The Great Western dividend is nearly as satisfactory, being at the rate of 4½ per cent., with £24,500 to be carried forward. This is an increase of 1½ per cent. on last year's dividend, with only a diminution of £1,100 on the balance forward. In some quarters 5 per cent. was expected, but this was more than anyone should have looked for.

THE LINOTYPE COMPANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON: 29 July, 1896.

SIR,—In your issues of November 9 and November 23, 1895, appeared comments upon the financial position and management of the Linotype Company, Limited, and upon the merits of its machine, to which the Company took exception. As I had personal knowledge and proof of your own good faith in the matter, and also stood in the relation of friend to both parties concerned, it was eventually agreed upon between you and the chairman of the Company that the entire question at issue should be referred to me. After a careful examination, I beg to hand you what I think should be said upon the subject.

In the original paragraph of November 9, after saying that "the Linotype Company will always be remembered as one of the most flagrant promotions of the notorious John Charles Cottam and Ernest O. Lambert," you add that the appearance of "sensational advertisements of the Company in some financial contemporaries" and the evident "strong efforts being made to dispose of its shares," suggest to you that "these individuals still exert their baneful influence over this company." In the article of November 23, besides a general reiteration of these statements, there occur the further allegations that "most of these advertisements appeared in purely financial newspapers;" that "always short of money has been, and is, the condition of the Linotype Company;" and that the Linotype machine "is of no more use than it was six years ago."

To take these points in their order: (a) The present owners of the Linotype do not question the justice of your characterization of the original promotion of the Company, or of the persons connected with it whom you name.

(b) It is a fact, however, that these persons long ago ceased to have anything to do with the Company, and that the Company has publicly repudiated all connexion with Mr. Cottam.

(c) It has been shown to me that, out of more than fifty advertisements paid for by the Company last autumn, only three went to "purely financial newspapers."

(d) As to this advertising activity, the explanation of the Company that it was forced upon it by the threatened rivalry of another machine seems sustained by the evidence. It appears also clear that at the time there was no movement on the part of the Company to place its shares on the market.

(e) At the time, so far from being short of money, the Company is described to me as having had over £200,000 to its credit in the bank.

(f) The Linotype machine of 1895 was, in many ways, an improvement upon the machine of 1889, and the machine of to-day is an improvement upon that. The number of new patents bought and modifications introduced since its introduction in England is very considerable. I knew the machine well in America in 1890, but to watch it now is almost like studying a novel invention. That it has its limitations may be conceded, but that, within the field which it professes to occupy, its performances are most remarkable, you would be the first to recognise, if you examined them.—I am, faithfully yours,

HAROLD FREDERIC.

[After reading this award of Mr. Frederic we can only regret that the writer of the articles referred to should have made so many mistakes in regard to the Linotype Company. It is only fair to add that we have received further testimony to the value of the Linotype machine.—Ed. S. R.]

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE BRITANNIA (HAURAKI) GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, £25,000 of which is available for working capital, to acquire and work a property known as the "Britannia" on the Coromandel Gold-fields district of Hauraki. The property has been well reported on, but this is by no means unusual. We do not see anything particularly tempting in the venture, and the quotation from the "Statist" which is used as a text to the prospectus seems to us to be perfectly superfluous. Such an attempt to apply a general opinion about a large country to the promotion of a company interested in some thirty-eight acres of it is not calculated to produce a good impression on the mind of the thoughtful investor.

HILL END CONSOLS, LIMITED.

The West Australian Trust, Limited, are inviting subscriptions for 75,000 shares at par in this Company, the capital of which is £125,000 in £1 shares. The property is situated about half a mile to the north-east of the Hill End Mine, in which a yield of 284 ozs. was obtained a little while ago on a crushing of 53 tons, and from which gold to the value of some £30,000 has already been taken. In a cable received on 12 May Mr. Fearby, the consulting engineer, states that in the Hill End Consols Mine, on which he has reported most favourably, the average sample from the lode gives 5 ozs. to the ton, the property developing well. The full reports are given in the prospectus. The Board is a strong one, all the directors being men who have had considerable experience in similar ventures. We would class this issue as a likely speculation.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY (FRANCE) LIMITED.

This Company, the subscription list of which will open on Monday, has been formed with a capital of £650,000 in £1 shares, to acquire as a going concern the whole of the assets and undertaking known as "La compagnie française des pneumatiques Dunlop." This, it is stated, has proved the most successful of the subsidiary companies established by the Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited. Agreements for the exclusive

use of Dunlop tyres for different terms have been entered into with the chief manufacturers of cycles used in France. The works, which are at Levallois-Perret, are fitted with the best plant and machinery, and are in such condition as to require no outlay at present. The popularity of bicycling in France is increasing steadily, and the demand for cycles becomes proportionately greater every year, pneumatic tyres being as much in vogue there as in England. Furthermore, these tyres can be fitted to carriages and motor cars, and although it will take some time to develop this side of the industry, there is undoubtedly a future before it. The purchase price is not excessive, and as the directorate is a practical one, there is no reason why it should not prove as successful an enterprise as the Dunlop Pneumatic Company, Limited, with which it is so closely allied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "SPECTATOR" AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 5 August, 1896.

SIR,—What are we to do with our "Spectator"? It has long been shaking its aged head over the degeneracy of the leaders of its own party, even the once adored Mr. Chamberlain; and now it writes down Lord Rosebery an "idiot boy," who "succumbs before the *pons asinorum* of economics," just because he admits that the increase of German manufactures and the decline of British constitute "a grave and striking fact." Not at all, chirrup the "Spectator," and if it were so "we should have good reason to chuckle over the position instead of being alarmed by it." This is your true Cobdenite logic—it always goes through three stages. First comes the prediction that with free imports English manufactures must sweep those of the blind and foolish Protectionist out of the field. Then comes vigorous denial of the fact when it begins to be apparent that English manufactures are shrinking and those of the foreigner expanding. Finally, when denial will no longer serve, the Cobdenite accepts the fact, "chuckles" over it, and calls people "idiots" who do not see that for five million pounds' worth of German imports to displace English manufactures means simply that "we are five millions a year better off than we were."

What a comfort it is to have a superior person who can explain things! Our farmers are bankrupt, and the labourers throng into the towns to swell the ranks of the unemployed; cotton mills are falling idle; blast furnaces are growing cold; sugar refineries are disappearing from London and from Greenock, and we had foolishly imagined that these things were alarming. Not at all, says the "Spectator"; it would have been much more grave and striking if anything else had happened, for don't you see we are a million a year "better off" by every million of trade we lose to Germany? English exports of iron and steel have fallen in five years from 2,700,000 tons to 1,700,000 tons. Germany in the same five years has risen from less than a million to close on a million and a half. "So much the better," says our wonderful economist. English exports of iron to India fall fifty per cent. while German exports increase eight hundred per cent. "So much the better." The same story comes from Australia, from Canada. "So much the better." If you doubt it you are "succumbing before the *pons asinorum* of economics." There is evidently a *pons asinorum*, but on which side are the donkeys?—Yours,

PERPLEXED.

THE JAMESON VERDICT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, 4 August, 1896.

SIR,—As I read in your issue of last Saturday your comments on the sentences passed on Dr. Jameson and his officers, culminating in the emphatic charge of brutal vindictiveness against the English law, it occurred to

me that it might, perhaps, interest your readers to hear how a similar act would be dealt with, and how the offenders would be treated, according to the law and practice of Germany, and I may be allowed to tell them in the briefest possible manner.

In the first place, a prosecution for an offence against a friendly State could only take place if that State, either by treaty or statutory enactment, guarantees reciprocity to Germany (a notion frequently recurring in the German law where relationship with foreign countries is concerned).

This postulate satisfied, it would have to be established against the accused that the hostile act was in the nature of treason, *i.e.* directed either against the head of the friendly State, or against its existence, integrity, or constitution (§ 102 Crim. Code).

If found guilty the accused would be sentenced to detention in a fortress prison (*ibid.*)

This form of punishment, which is prescribed by the law—without giving the Courts discretionary power—in most cases of political crimes, except where such are committed from dishonourable motives, is recognized by the law and by public opinion as *custodia honesta*, and is as such free from indignities and very lenient. It is undergone in fortresses or other rooms allocated for that purpose (§ 17, *ibid.*), so that the prisoners do not come into contact with other law-breakers, and consists, according to the letter of the law, in deprivation of freedom, combined with a supervision of the occupation and life of the prisoner (*ibid.*)

The character as *custodia honesta* is maintained from the first to the last. A delinquent of this class would, as a rule, leave the Court where his sentence was passed, free to go home and to make whatever arrangements might be necessary in view of a more or less prolonged absence. He would then within a reasonable time report himself to the governor of his prison, and have assigned to him a decent room. He would have his meals provided from outside, could have his drinks in any quantity—short of excess—and indulge in tobacco smoke to his heart's content. He could write and receive his letters without any control. He would have his daily walks on the fortress walls, together with his companions, and he would in most cases even be permitted to visit the fortress town to make calls and purchases there, and so on.

These concessions would, of course, be subject to restriction in cases of breach of discipline and of unlawful conduct.

There are thus two points to be observed in which the German law distinguishes itself from the English; first, that it does not, for half-way decent treatment, refer a political offender to the mercy of the political power of the day; secondly, that it holds the deprivation of that great good, liberty, an adequate punishment for a man who, though having broken the law, has not committed a disgraceful act justifying disgraceful treatment.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JULIUS HIRSCHFELD.

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

WINDSOR, 3 August, 1896.

SIR,—It is perhaps too much to expect that the leaders of public opinion in France will presently abstain from their persistent misrepresentation of our foreign policy. Perfidious Albion would appear to have completely replaced Prince Bismarck as their "bogey" and detestation; and they seem to have settled down to an uncomfortable conviction that we are the fountain and origin of every Gallic evil.

Yet one would have thought that any impartial student of at least recent history would be forced to admit that, at all events as regards Madagascar, we are perfectly clean-handed. Even so long ago as the beginning of the Victorian age we worked in entire harmony with French policy in that island. That our joint arms sustained a serious reverse from the Malagasy is very much to the point; and ever since that time we have been more than subservient.

But these facts, patent as they are, are studiously ignored by the French; while the latest development

of Anglophobia consists in a ludicrous exaggeration of the Protestant spirit, which they attribute to the whole of the English missionaries in that island, and which they gravely put forward as the chief, if not the only, stumbling-block to French influence in the country. Probably in the whole of that large island there are not quite twenty of these much-maligned men. And it is well known, at least to the French residents, that this handful of good, earnest fellows are thoroughly obedient to the orders they have received from the headquarters of their respective missions—namely, to carefully abstain from anything, either by deed or word, which could be considered detrimental to the French control.

And it is, therefore, not a little ridiculous to find a people, who at home seldom lose an opportunity of manifesting their scorn for the national religion, furiously indignant with us because they choose to assume that our indifference to the teaching of the Jesuits necessarily involves hostility to the country which gave birth to those little-loved seminarists.

It is, indeed, to be feared that it will require years of patient forbearance on our part before a proper understanding of the truth can permeate the prejudiced Gallic mind.

Most curious is it to see how entirely their search after the English mote has prevented their discovery of the beam which obscures their own vision.

Unfortunately there is so much exasperation, and the great African island is still in such a disturbed and critical condition, that reliable information as to the goings on therein can only be gathered by gleanings from private letters. For the only English journal, over which the "Times" correspondent made so merry during the late campaign, disappeared, together with its subsidised editor, on the day of General Duchesne's entry into the capital, while the two or three local French papers are entirely in the hands of the Government.

Consequently, apart from private sources, the little we learn of the present condition of Madagascar is derived from languid and perfunctory questions in Parliament, and guarded official replies. And it must be admitted that the British public are only faintly interested in Malagasy matters.

Nor does the time seem to have quite arrived when it is fair to denounce the French Government for duplicity or bad faith in its dealings with individual British interests in that country, although it is to be feared that it is perilously near.

But, putting controversial subjects entirely on one side, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the French are sadly mismanaging the country. The writer of "Five Years in Madagascar," who, whatever his literary shortcomings, *a toujours mis les points sur les i*, curiously foretold the results of the French occupation of that country. Apart from the issue of the campaign, which was so accurately described that it might well have been written after, instead of months before, it happened—the following passages may be quoted. Referring to the civil administration of the country, the author says—under the heading of "Why the French have failed in Madagascar:" "The reason is not far to seek. Nor is it by any means a novelty to Frenchmen. It is continually in their mouths; and we only reproduce their own sayings when we assert that it is mainly because they are not loyal to one another, and because they do not set patriotism before private pique and low intrigue. . . . They have allowed a patient, plodding, sympathetic public servant, such as M. Lacoste (this was in 1892, to-day it is M. Laroche), just time enough to ingratiate himself with the Prime Minister and the Hova Court; they have given him sufficient opportunity to arrange a very satisfactory *modus vivendi*; and then they suddenly recall him! Surely such conduct is insensate and suicidal." And so on for some pages. In another part the writer says: "To speak generally, the invaders would acquire an immense extent of country, which would be almost entirely useless to them; because, in the first place, all the rice fields are private property; and, secondly, they are only cultivable by the natives themselves, for whose support they barely suffice. Whether the French would succeed in imposing sufficient taxation upon the inhabitants of the district to

maintain the expenses of its administration is more than doubtful. Probably, in addition to the . . . cost of the expedition, the French Budget would be burdened with Supplementary Estimates for many years to come." Farther on we read: "On the whole, it is hard to say whether the disadvantages do not outweigh the benefits to be enjoyed by the conquerors of this curious and interesting country. It is clear that the answer mainly depends upon the capacity for colonization possessed by the French. If, when they have taken possession of the island continent . . . they resolutely and intelligently set to work to develop its resources, and if they govern its motley races with justice, prudence, liberality, and discretion, they will so far deserve well of the outside world that much will be forgiven them as to the manner of their acquisition of Madagascar. . . ."

Unfortunately, we have too much reason to believe that the jealousy of one another shown by French officials in Madagascar has not only surpassed that which they feel against everything British, but has been carried to such an alarming extent that it positively obstructs the administration of the country. In place of "liberality and justice," nothing but greed and oppression are experienced at the hands of the subalterns; while that capable gentleman, M. Laroche, because he will not stoop to an insensate hatred of the handful of harmless English missionaries, is denounced by all his countrymen, who clamour for his recall! The question of colonization requires greater space for consideration.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

M. K. W.

INFANT LIFE PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 1 August, 1896.

SIR,—It is not often that the views and labours of the "ladies'" associations are so well understood and sympathetically described as is done in the article, signed "J. C. C.," on Lord Denbigh's Life Protection Bill in your issue of 4 July.

May I point out that, as regards statistics, the results are much understated? The percentage of relief given to the rates is said to be 50 per cent. in Paddington and 40 per cent. in Lambeth. The difference seems enormous. The truth appears to be that the 18 per cent. applies only to the work done by the "Main Memorial Home," and leaves out of account that carried on by the Paddington and Marylebone Ladies' Association and by other charitable institutions in the neighbourhood. The following statistics will give some idea of the numbers who are helped in this way without coming on the rates at all:—In 1895, 588 single women were received in Queen Charlotte's Hospital; quite one-half of these came through Homes.

The following Homes work entirely in connexion with Queen Charlotte's:—Lady Jeune's Home, Carlton Hill; Main Memorial Home, Burton Crescent; St. Mary Magdalene's Home, Paddington; 20 Victoria Road, Kilburn. Homes not working "in connexion" with Queen Charlotte's Hospital, but carrying on the same kind of work, and able to use the hospital, if needed: Marylebone Female Protection Society sheltered last year 162 women and infants; Bethesda, Allsopp Mews, Dorset Square, twenty at a time; St. Margaret's Home, Albany Street, eight at a time; The Refuge, 39 Earl Street, worked by the Paddington and Marylebone Ladies' Association, 137 new cases passed through last year—fifty of these were mothers.

I may mention that in at least eighteen metropolitan workhouses ladies are engaged in the same work.

The above statistics are roughly taken from Reports of institutions in Paddington and Marylebone; but no doubt the other seventeen ladies' associations who signed the Protest to the Committee of the House of Lords could give an equally good account of voluntary effort in their parts of London.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

KATHERINE S. MORANT,

Member of the Committee, Paddington and Marylebone Ladies' Association.

REVIEWS.

WHITHER?

"En Route." By J. K. Huysmans. Translated by C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul. 1896.

COULD there be anything more subtly quaint than an exhausted debauchee seeking his Redeemer through some approach not too hopelessly vulgarized? He had a horror of the commonplace, had Durtal, the hero of this novel, and "how could he live among stupid people like the devout, how listen without gnashing his teeth to the affected chants of the choirs?" He had that fastidious hatred of humanity, that total abortion of humour, that savage isolation of spirit, which are among the commonest consequences of merely filthy sensuality. And with infinite, if ironical, solemnity M. Huysmans tells how this precious creature, after the lapses into sexual nastiness spiced with blasphemy detailed in "La Bas," found at last a way of—one can hardly call it repentance—a reunion with his Maker possible to a man of his remarkable refinement and distinction through the intervention of a Trappist monastery. There one may be converted and communicate, and still entertain a fine "contempt for relations" and "disgust for acquaintances," as Mr. Paul renders it. This may seem grotesque to the ordinary sane reader; but that is a fair summary of this book, which is translated, at any rate, in good faith. This history Mr. Kegan Paul places before the English public in cosmopolitan English. "May it speak to the heart of many men in England?" he prays—this new method for the superior unclean. One must needs accept the earnestness of his intentions, albeit a wide publicity involves a certain danger of vulgarization to the new road. We doubt if Mr. Paul has duly considered that possibility.

Durtal as a character is indisputable. He is the pathetic victim of civilized security. Infinite generations of ancestors lead up to him from the primordial beginnings of life, down at last through hundreds of generations of brave human fathers and kindly mothers. It is a strange and inspiring thing—almost, indeed, a terrible thing—to consider the long succession of ancestral struggle, emotion, affection, pain endured, that is embodied in a living man. So he comes into the world in his turn with the gifts and implications of the struggle, an intelligence, an imagination, intellectual senses finely percipient, a desire to assert himself and impress himself upon the world, sexuality ruling his emotions to the end, that in his time he too may hand on the expanding light of life. And by accident he is of independent means, irresponsible, in a great city. Circumstances conspire to dwarf his moral development and destroy his self-respect. All gratifications come to him without effort; the mercenary expedients of civilization trick nature, and by middle-age he is at an end, his soul inhuman, anti-human, no share left to him in futurity, no children, no business, no political interests—a walking dead man, a dead and already decaying twig still projecting among the waving infinities of the tree of life. He eats—it is his chief business indeed, and he expresses his religious ideas in terms of the restaurant—his perverted animalism occasionally asserts itself, with dwindling force, towards a certain Florence and her "vagaries," and he can still appreciate music. Blackest of all things upon his conscience lies the unintentional defilement of a Host. Before such a man, what entertainment is there left to compare with a religious struggle? And so deeply is his sanity undermined by the life he has led that this religious struggle is in no sense a broadening or ennobling of the man. His sexual interests, which are no longer of the slightest importance, one might imagine, in this world or the next, or at least of interest only to the sanitary inspector in the same way that a decaying herring is of interest, still absorb him. He will still be a barren tree, a useless lumberer of the earth, will still hate and despise the "herd," but he will—to the glory of Heaven—live chaste! And the book Mr. Kegan Paul has given us tells how he set about doing it, how he made a confidante of "Our Lady" and told her all his little troubles, how

"He grew enthusiastic on thinking of the convents.

Ah! to be earthed up among them sheltered from the herd, not to know what books appear, what newspapers are printed, never to know what goes on outside one's cell among men—to complete the beneficent silence of this cloistered life, nourishing ourselves with good actions, refreshing ourselves with plain-song, saturating ourselves with the inexhaustible joys of the liturgies."

And then he went to the Trappist establishment, and devils came to him in horrible but interesting dreams; and the powers of Heaven and Hell fought together in him for this inestimable chastity of his, and he made his first confession since childhood, including the horror of the defiled Host; and was converted, and returned to Paris in a state of immense satisfaction as selfish, egotistical, useless, parasitic, and diseased as when he set out:—

"He groaned, knowing that he should never more succeed in interesting himself in all that makes the joy of men. The uselessness of caring about any other thing than mysticism and the liturgy, of thinking about aught else save God, implanted itself in him so firmly, that he asked himself what would become of him at Paris with such ideas."

This is pretty—that last infirmity of æsthetic minds.

"He had discovered how to lose the amusement of *bric-à-brac*, how to extirpate that last satisfaction in the white nakedness of a cell."

And this penance is oddly significant of the true quality of this new Catholicism—a passage upon which only Swift could have commented with proper effect.

"Ah, those paths at the monastery, wandered in at daybreak; those paths where one day, after a communion, God had dilated his soul in such a fashion that it seemed no longer his own, so much had Christ plunged him in the sea of His divine infinity, swallowed him in the heavenly firmament of His person."

Apart from its interest as a study of the mental disease resulting from want of employment and sensual excess, in which religion is a synonym for a morbid abstinence, and even the Deity becomes at last merely an infinite, all-powerful sex-maniac, "En Route" is a remarkably dull book, with such rare unintentional gleams of humour as "ugliness is sacrilege," "nothing is equal to the frightful sin of a confusion of Romanesque and Greek." For whole pages Mr. Huysmans forgets his story and bores with digressions on plain-song. And the quality of Mr. Kegan Paul's English certainly enhances the volume's unreadableness.

THE EMPIRE OF THE TSARS.

"The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians." By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated from the third French edition, with annotations, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

WE are glad to see an English translation of the third and concluding volume of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's work on Russia. It has long been treated with almost the honours of a classic. Mme. Ragozin has on the present occasion been more sparing of her notes than previously, for reasons which she herself has stated. She was afraid of overwhelming the work with the great bulk of her comments. But she lets us see that she cannot always allow a statement of the author to remain unchallenged. But of this more anon.

The contents of the present volume are in no way inferior in interest to those of the first two. Perhaps by many readers it will be found the most valuable. It treats of the Russian Church, its various sects, and the other religions tolerated in Russia, especially the Roman Catholic and Protestant. The origin of the Russian Church, its relation to that of Constantinople, the creation of the patriarchate by Boris Godunov and its suppression by Peter the Great, are fully described. The latter sovereign, so thoroughly Russian in the practical views he held, and so desperately modern in his ideas, did not like the *imperium in imperio* which his own country presented. Nothing of what he observed during his travels was lost upon him. In England he saw those relations between the Church and State which seemed to him the *beau idéal* of government. The result was

the publication of the celebrated *Reglement* on his return and the abolition of the patriarchate. The view which M. Leroy-Beaulieu takes of the Russian Church is by no means unfavourable. He acknowledges the learning of many of the higher clergy, and this learning is not merely of yesterday. Those who have read the travels of the Cambridge Professor, Edward Clarke, at the beginning of this century, will remember his description of his conversations with the metropolitan, Plato, whom he found full of knowledge and wit. "I could hardly imagine," he adds, "as I listened to his bold sallies, that I was in such a country as Russia." Nor does the poor parish priest pass without an occasional word of commendation from M. Leroy-Beaulieu.

In Russia we have to do with a peasant clergy, and of late great efforts have been made to raise them morally and materially. In spite of their occasional lapses—and we have all heard many good stories of their drunkenness, told by shallow observers who have chronicled their summer jaunts—these clergymen are the friends of the peasant in his needs. They represent the "soggarth aroon" of Banim's fine Irish ballad. M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks that we need not be so exacting with the priest if during his nightly journeys through snow and storms he has fortified himself with a little *vodka* so as to be able to reach the home of the sick and dying.

Of course on the subject of Nikon and his Church reforms our author has much to tell us. He is greatly impressed with the figure of Nikon; his boldness, his honesty, and his learning. He was certainly a remarkable man, and, if circumstances had not been against him, he would have transformed the Russian Church. But in these duels between ecclesiastics and autocratic rulers it will be observed that the latter are always victorious. Be this as it may, from the days of Nikon dates the great *raskol*, with its infinity of subdivisions—chips broken off from other chips. The English reader will be amused and instructed at the same time by the many parallels which M. Leroy-Beaulieu institutes between the Russian sectaries and the English and American Dissenters. Under new names we may recognise again the Shakers, Quakers, Peculiar People, Erastians, and Unitarians—a motley group requiring an ecclesiastical encyclopædia for us to get even a glimpse at their dogmas. Unlike some of the Western schismatics, who seem to delight in limiting salvation to the smallest section, most of the Russian prophets are eager to propagate their views to the whole human race and to "save" as many as they can. It is curious, in a country where the sovereign has ruled for centuries with a rod of iron and but little individualism in political matters has been allowed, that the peasant should have constantly shown that he considered he was free to hold what religious views he pleased. It looks as if (as in the case of our own Dissenters) it was the one way in which a man asserted his position as a free agent. In old days in England a poor man frequently had no sympathy with his spiritual master. He submitted to him socially, but comforted himself with the Bethel or Ebenezer which he erected, where he could say his prayers after his own fashion.

The opinions of Count Tolstoy and his peasant precursor Sutayev are treated at considerable length, and there is a full account of the Stundists. The latter are rightly characterised as sober and self-respecting, but their Socialistic theories about the tenure of land cannot fail to make it difficult for the Government to deal with them. Among new sects springing up in Russia it is curious to notice Irvingism. We were not a little surprised a few years ago to meet a lady who avowed herself to us as an Irvingite, and had made a translation into Russian of the Irvingite Liturgy. Finally, our author winds up by speaking of the great and unsuccessful efforts the Nihilists have made to win over these sectaries. Up to the present time they have remained loyal. The enemies of the country can do nothing with them, just as, he adds, it would not be a possible contingency that French Protestants could be made hostile to France.

The other religions tolerated in Russia meet with due discussion. We have no space here to speak of the Armenians or to go into the Jewish question. The latter has been almost threshed out. The Russian

treatment of the Roman Catholics is spoken of by M. Leroy-Beaulieu with severity. Without wishing in any way to justify it, we are inclined to sympathize with the opinions expressed by Mme. Ragozin in a note. Probably the Russians would not have adopted such drastic measures if they had not disliked Papal interference in the religious government of the Polish provinces, and had not also found the priests to be such bitter political adversaries. The Roman Catholic churches have been but too frequently the centres of a revolutionary propaganda. But where there are such radical antipathies all compromise seems impossible. As far as we can trace the religious sympathies of M. Leroy-Beaulieu in his very fair and unbiassed book, he is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus he thinks the interference of the Pope in the religious affairs of a country, and in the political affairs, too, the most natural thing possible. But in these islands such views are by no means admitted. We do not regret much the downfall in Russia of that miserable compromise called the Union invented to plaster over serious incongruities of belief. Our author acknowledges all the evil that the Jesuits did, but adds that their errors belong to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But a good many of the nations of Europe besides the Russians wish to weaken the effects of their mischief where they can. In trying to convert the nations of the Baltic provinces, the Esths and Letts, to the Orthodox faith, the Russians have a certain ground to go upon. These miserable peasants, whose condition is described by all earlier travellers as wretched, accepted such forms of religious teaching as their masters communicated under penalty of the rod. As the German landlords are very much disliked in these provinces, the Russians have been able to develop an independent spirit among the villagers. Persons familiar with Russian social history will remember the great interest which the late Yuri Samarin took in this question.

The book is written throughout in that lucid and epigrammatic style which we are wont to associate with the authorship of a Frenchman. Mme. Ragozin, already favourably known by many learned works of her own, is a good translator. She has furnished the text with only a few notes; nor does the original author give us many. He naturally cites Palmer, whose book on the quarrel between Nikon and Alexis remains the great authority. On p. 358 mention is made of the Pole, Czajkowski, who entered the service of the Turks. His very interesting memoirs are now appearing, in Russian, in the "Starina." Large extracts were also published in the tenth volume of the Bulgarian "Sbornik." It is clear from them that, although high in authority in the Turkish army (under the name of Sadyk Pasha), his feelings as a Slav revolted at the Turkish treatment of the Bulgarians. Czajkowski obtained leave to return to Russia, but died mysteriously in 1886. We observe that M. Leroy-Beaulieu says by suicide, but as Czajkowski's daughter, Mme. Suchodolska, remarks, men of the age of eighty-two are not much addicted to committing suicide. Perhaps he was murdered by revolutionaries on account of having submitted to the Government. His tales and sketches (in Polish) are very popular.

TWO SPORTING TREATISES.

"The Game of Golf." By William Park, senior, Champion Player, 1887-89. London: Longmans & Co. 1896.

"Modern Polo." By E. D. Millar, late 17th Lancers. London: Thacker & Co. 1896.

IT is impossible to learn an out-door game by a course of reading, but this handbook on the practice of golf by an expert is as good a guide as any treatise can be. It is eminently practical, abounding in valuable hints as to clubs, caddies, the best means of dodging doubtful distances, and of avoiding or extricating yourself from awkward hazards. Experience and the long habit of play will do much for the golfer, but we should say that the indispensable qualifications of the ambitious aspirant are nerve and health. We do not speak only of the match played for money before a swaying and breathless amphitheatre of critical or interested spectators. But if a man's nerves are out

of sorts, if he has a touch of "liver" or has dined indiscreetly, he hesitates when standing up to his ball; he digs or slices when he delivers his swing, and is demoralized and put fatally off his game by the first serious difficulty. The man of iron health and nerve, on the contrary, can rely upon doing his best under any circumstances, and is seldom more dangerous than when he seems to be hopelessly beaten. Next to these conditions, nothing is of more importance than the formation of a good style from the first—of style and the effective grip of the club, in putting as well as in driving. As to that the novice may learn from this volume all that can be learned through excellent diagrams. An indifferent workman is always ready to abuse his tools, but there is much in a happy selection of the clubs. Every shooter knows that the gun should be well poised, and that it should be well fitting as to the stock and come easily to the shoulder. But nicety of balance is of even more consequence in a golf driver. The progress of inventive science has suggested considerable changes in the last few years. The set of clubs has, on the whole, been simplified, and the useful old spoon is gone out of favour. Park himself takes credit for the modification of the driver, and to his "bulger" he has given a more or less convex form. It is undeniable that it lends additional velocity when the ball is struck fair, and consequently it has been generally adopted by professors. But it tends to discourage the novice when a semi-miss sends the ball flying on erratic courses. Facing a favourite club with leather is a commendable innovation, for it prolongs the life of a valued and profitable friend. Then the directions for the choice of clubs are followed by explanations of the several uses of the clubs which may be classed as supernumeraries. In match-playing there is no worse economy than being parsimonious in the matter of balls. Park holds that those of gutta-percha should be six months old, but not much more; and he tests them by immersing them in water, preferring those which sink. As for the play, in driving, the great thing is to keep your eye on the ball, and not let the eye be diverted to the direction you mean to take. In putting, where the greens are smooth, Park prefers the wooden putter; on rougher greens he would take to the putting-cleek for choice. Above all things he insists upon being up to the hole and playing over a line. Here the eye must be so far diverted as to take the bearings by a blade of grass or some similarly unobtrusive object. As we have said, the practical instructions for getting out of hazards are excellent. And *à propos* of hazards, there is a useful chapter on the laying out of links and the judicious formation of artificial difficulties. When the links are near the sea, Nature for the most part takes the business in hand and does it admirably. The natural sand bunkers and the occasional patches of furze are strictly legitimate hazards. But when hazards are to be created on level ground certain principles should be regarded. Anything in the nature of a trap is unfair; and "a bunker that is not visible to the player is always more or less of a trap." Park adds: "It should not be possible for a ball to lie in such a position in a bunker that a stroke at it cannot be made, so as to play the ball out in one direction or another, and the corners, therefore, should be rather rounded off." Further, he gives the consolation that an indifferent course will improve with each year it is played over. We have said nothing of the chapter on competitions and handicapping, and shall only add that the profuse illustrations are an admirable pictorial commentary on the text.

So far as lavishness of illustrating goes, we say the same of "Modern Polo." But for the actual game polo even is more difficult to teach by a book than golf. There is far less of science and much of the rough and tumble in it; and Mr. Millar's most practical chapters are those relating to the selection and training of the ponies. Golf is a game for all; the poor man may carry his own two or three clubs, and can spare an occasional shilling for his balls. Polo, on the contrary, in its perfection, can only be played by the rich—by those who can keep costly studs and make ample provision for inevitable casualties. A raw, ill-bred, or undersized animal is altogether out of the running, and will bring the rider nothing but humiliation, as it may

probably land him in grief. We must say, too, that the frequency of grave accidents is a very serious drawback. An elbow in the eye or a club-stroke across the face does not tend to promote brotherly feeling; a fracture of a limb is bad enough, but the loss of an eye or a contusion of the brain may blast the career of a promising soldier. Mr. Millar approves of a "new rule" which enjoins on the umpire the peremptory stopping of dangerous riding, but he complains that the rule is not enforced often enough. Men, he says, will get so excited that they lose their heads, and actually do not know what they are doing. In fact, between the exercise and the excitement, the blood is boiled up to fever heat, so we suspect that swearing at large is rather encouraged as a safety valve. When a soldier is near the top of the tree, although elderly and perhaps somewhat stale, he enters the polo ground with decided advantages, for it is a delicate matter to abuse your colonel or to curse the major-general commanding the station. When Mr. Millar explains what the ideal pony should be, we see that no impecunious subaltern can afford to own one, to say nothing of two or three couple of such expensive pleasures. Briefly, the ideal weight-carrier should be the miniature fourteen-stone blood hunter. His training should be perfect; he should understand the game at least as well as his master; he should answer the slightest touch on his mouth, and should neither lose his head in a rush nor his legs in a violent hustle. Hence, remembering that the fame of an ambitious player depends greatly if not altogether on his mount, and that money is of small consideration to many gentlemen, we are not altogether surprised to hear that Dynamite fetched 460 guineas. For money is to be made by men with heads and hands who thoroughly understand their business. Mr. Millar himself once picked up a pony for £5, which he sold subsequently for £175 after breaking. He has had great experience of wintering and conditioning ponies, and mentions one remarkable fact with regard to these. In an exceptionally severe winter he put six of his best ponies into loose-boxes, and fed them regardless of expense. Six others were turned out into the fields to look out for themselves. They had nothing besides, beyond short commons of rough hay and oat straw. Yet these last were brought up in better condition than the others which had been stalled but not exercised. It is true that both batches took the same time to get into polo condition. But Mr. Millar drew the obvious conclusion that had the latter been as generously fed as the former they would not have taken half so long to have got "fit."

LOGIC AND METAPHYSIC.

"Outlines of Logic and Metaphysics." Erdmann, translated and edited by B. C. Burt, Ph.D. Introductory Science Text-Books. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Lim. 1896.

TO any one who knows the hang of the Hegelian conclusions, and who can away with German translations, this book is likely to be of much value; but then such a reader will not be a beginner, or need an introduction to the porch of Logic. The unhappy wretch who tries his 'prentice hand upon these puzzles will get but little profit out of his enterprise. Even the literary man, who is accustomed to sip the sweets from many flowers and sympathize with many methods, will find little to lure him on. The paper and ink are deplorable. The learned author keeps the treasures of his thought in earthen vessels, and such ugly little vessels too! Clusters of them, and all rather smeary! Of course he only writes after his kind, and the public can only declare disapproval by the buttoned pocket—that is to say, by refusing to buy any books which are written with a big note to every sentence, quite as long as the sentence itself, and printed in type just one size smaller. We really cannot be taught the saving Hegelianisms by these means, any more than public-school boys can be taught grammar by a pedagogue with black nails. We shall wallow for ever in pure sense knowledge, and never learn the science of the idea in the abstract element of thought, unless we get things more cleanly put.

Logic is, this book truly declares, the same thing

as metaphysic. It is a knowledge of the rational, not only or chiefly a summary of the tricks and dodges of the mind, unexplained and reduced to finite rules. Our old friends the Major and Minor, with their illicit processes, do not appear. Barbara is kept behind the curtain, and with her all the regular garniture of the syllogism. Our instructor is explaining to us the microscope of the mind. Some of the audience want to look through the microscope and see the flea's whiskers, or what not, but that is not his business. He is looking at the instrument. Here is a glass called quality, another called quantity, a third called mode, and so on. When the whisker is on the glass, you will behold certain appearances, which concern the focussing, and so on. (The metaphor smacks of Kant, we admit, but it must serve for the nonce.) Of course microscopes are meant to look at microscopic things, and not to be kept as ornaments on the chimney-piece; but unless the observer happens to know how the instrument works, his observations will be absurd, even if he manages to make any. He will mistake a scratch on the objective for a fissure in the object. He will not try to make all his lenses as translucent as possible. On the contrary, he will be delighted to observe, as an object, some flaw in the glass, or some mote in the tube. Did not the Royal Society, according to Butler, rejoice to see armies in the moon, when boys put gnats in the tube of the telescope?

The lenses of the mind are called the categories, and Erdmann has much explanation to give of them, which, if you happen to know it pretty well before, is most useful, but otherwise — well, that depends upon the reader. Let him try a sample:—

"Nothing itself, as wholly referenceless, is mere reference to self, hence complete distinctionlessness; which means that when we think *nothing* we really think *being*, and as this was really (or also) nothing, the converse also obtains. The two are so related that when one is thought, the other, rather, is thought. But this means that we merely denote a single idea by two words. The distinction between being and not, which, for us, consists in the fact that we came across the former first and the latter afterwards, is also a distinction in them themselves; 'not,' that is to say, in order to be thought, must become that *whose* not it is. It is, therefore, pure opposition, while being was pure position. Hence being is posited as Being (or being); but not, posited as not (or not being), is its contrary, namely being."

It might be supposed that Erdmann had been hopelessly Burtalized in such a paragraph, but he has been faithfully reproduced, and any one who knows him will recognize with pleasure the useful and intelligent character of what he means to say, in such felicitous language. But unfortunately most people will never take thought powder, except in the jam. They will never take it like this, and Dr. Burt has lost his labour.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

"Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion." By W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

EVERY member of every Christian body under the sun protests his desire for Christian unity, his lamentation over the evils of our existing divisions. From every sort of pulpit our Lord's prayer that all His followers might be one is quoted and requoted, serving as the subject of much pious sentiment. It is thus to-day as it has been always: yet no one but a curmudgeon will deny that within the last few years this insistence upon unity has been enlivened, so to say, by a fresh note; there is a certain strain of practicalness about it, which there was not always. The fact is that a large number of religious persons the whole world over have grown weary, have grown deadly sick, of sentiment however pious; and are asking themselves whether something actual cannot be done to bring Christian communions to the point of recognising one another as servants of the same Lord, so working and worshipping together before the world.

It would take a prophet to say what exactly will be the end, immediate or in the future, of this new element in our religious aspirations; and we, at any rate, by no

means pretend to the gift of prophecy. But we will venture to say that we believe scarce any serious man, even supposing he be no Christian formally, can regard this new practical endeavour after unity otherwise than as interesting and significant; let us call it, if we will, a dream, let us feel convinced that the hard experience and development of life will bring assuredly the whole effort to nought; yet that it should appear amongst us is for our good, and the spirit that has brought it about cannot be other than a Holy Spirit. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum*: and to feel this sentiment of the Psalmist not as a becoming sentiment merely, but as a principle forcing us towards visible ends and into strenuous action for bringing them about, is something for which to cry *Laus Deo*.

But to come to an immediate point. Undoubtedly the most impressive religious body in Western Europe, and in some sense in the world at large, is the Church of Rome. Amongst English Churchmen, therefore, when they begin to think of reunion, when they begin to scheme for reunion, it is to the Church of Rome that their thoughts turn first; and any reunion of Christian bodies which should leave the Church of Rome outside it seems to them a most imperfect, nay, almost a mere mockery of, reunion. Lord Halifax in these latter days has made us all easily familiar with this idea; his position, his sincerity, his enthusiasm, have prevailed to commend it widely. And then the Pope himself smiles on Lord Halifax, holding out to him the right hand of fellowship; and at Rome there gathers together an assembly of accredited theologians to consider, we understand seriously, the question of Anglican Orders. Well, this is all delightful; we are far from saying it is but pretty compliment and play; but a reunion such as Lord Halifax and his friends picture to us could only be brought about by Rome not merely making concessions, confessing herself here or there to have been perhaps somewhat over-rash, but by her rejection of the one fundamental point which makes her what she is. There was a good deal of comment aroused some little time ago by an address Cardinal Vaughan gave at Bristol, in which he said very frankly: "The kernel of the question of the reunion of Christendom consists in the admission of the Roman claim, that the Pope has received by Divine right authority to teach and govern the whole Church. It is simply a question of the fundamental and essential constitution of the Church. Did the Divine Founder give to His Church a visible head upon earth, with power to teach, define, settle controversies, and govern? *I fail to see the use of discussing any other subject.*" Now a man may consider this announcement of the Cardinal supremely ill-timed, or arrogant, or unsympathetic; but for ourselves we have always felt grateful for it, it so neatly packs the whole business into a nutshell: there is a great fact, which sooner or later has to be faced and which there is no getting over, and this fact it puts to us at once without mincing matters or wasting time. The Pope of Rome is on earth the supreme teacher and governor of the whole Church. That is the one fundamentally distinctive point in the Roman position. Rome in the nature of things cannot accept reunion with England except on the terms of England's acceptance of this dogma; and whatever else England might accommodately accept, this she cannot accept without stultifying herself. We sincerely trust, and we sincerely believe, that she never will so stultify herself; but here, as Cardinal Vaughan says, is the kernel of the whole question; and we, as he does, pretty much fail to see the use of discussing any other subject.

Although the Bishop of Ripon naturally does not put the matter quite so baldly as we are here putting it, in the conclusion he arrives at there is not much difference between us. Dr. Carpenter writes in the present volume with his accustomed eloquence, and the spirit that breathes throughout his pages is a high and charitable spirit. The more purely controversial portion of these addresses is well put; but, as is the case in all theological controversy, an able opponent would have no difficulty in putting the other view quite as well and convincingly. The book, however, is thoroughly worth reading for its common sense and its liberality.

NATURAL TAXATION.

"Natural Taxation." By Thomas G. Shearman. Questions of the Day Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

IF Mr. Shearman's book does not exactly "read like a novel," it shows something of the novelist's craft, for our interest is awakened by the first sentence and is kept on the stretch more than half way through.

Is there any such thing, he asks, as a natural or strictly scientific method of taxation? Granted that economists have not found it, "is it true that Nature has nothing to say on the subject?" Now Nature's way of teaching anything is "to wall up the door to every wrong path," until we "grope our way to the only open door." One becomes convinced that Mr. Shearman has something to say when we find that there is a method by which "Nature has all along collected taxes," and, more wonderful still, that "there is a tax which men everywhere are willing to pay, partly because they feel that they receive full equivalent for the tax, and partly because the pressure for payment is irresistible and that it can be collected with ease, equality, and justice."

Leaving us in suspense at this point, Mr. Shearman devotes several chapters to the "wrong paths" of existing systems. All taxes are bad, he says, which bear most heavily on those who are least able to pay and who derive least benefit from government; which take from the poverty of the poor to add to the wealth of the rich; which can easily be evaded by fraud and falsehood; which can be collected only by oppressive and degrading methods; which unnecessarily hinder the increase of wealth and comfort among the people as a whole; which bring into existence a class that finds its profit in promoting wastefulness and extravagance in public affairs; and which, finally, make the real taxpayer pay twice while the Government receives but once. All this is admirable, and most of us will agree with Mr. Shearman that taxation of consumers, by means of a protective tariff, merits all this condemnation. On similar lines Mr. Shearman denounces the General Property Tax; indicates quite correctly the weak points of other direct taxation, such as Income-tax and Inheritance-tax; and points out most suggestively how even sound direct taxes press unequally on women and children and on persons under trustees.

After such a good introduction, it is distinctly disappointing to find that the only proper subject of taxation is our old friend, the ground rent. The panacea for all our ills is the Single Tax.

Mr. Shearman's book is much above the average of what we usually get from tax reformers. But we have, to be candid, given it more space than its real importance would seem to warrant because it is one of a class about which some plain speaking is needed. It is not the case, as Mr. Shearman seems to suggest, that present systems of taxation are maintained and justified entirely by interested parties. And it does not seem probable that "the professors"—a class for which, by the way, economic reformers seem to have unmeasured contempt—are blind beyond other men engaged in the pursuit of truth, presumably for truth's sake. The fact is that there is a fundamental difference between the place and function of taxation as conceived by the economist and the shallow view taken of it by the amateur.

The accepted economic theory is that taxation is a general contribution towards common expenses incurred by the organic body called the State. Its end being the securing of certain conditions conceived of as the common good, the persons who benefit are ourselves, and the tax-gatherer is the minister of our own will. We are members of a political household, and towards its housekeeping we pay a "board." As in the case of "board" generally, the sum paid by each is not proportional to the benefits received—one sufficient reason being that these benefits cannot be allocated—but to the "ability" of each to pay for an expense recognized as inevitable and beneficent. The poorer sons pay little, the richer pay much, although the two should get benefits which are approximately equal. As a matter of theory, taxation should be paid by every man,

not as under compulsion, but with the full consciousness that it is a duty which has its counterpart in the social and political rights he enjoys. Practically, all good systems of taxation exempt a minimum of income, but this is a concession to the fact that the world is yet poor, and besides, a recognition that, under a mixed system, the poor pay indirectly in consumption.

But a great many people still live in the last century. Taxation to them is a burden and nothing but a burden; and they think it the most desirable of things that the community should get rid of this common contribution. We have one instance of this in the self-congratulation of those who think that a protective tariff makes foreigners pay the home taxation in the shape of import duties. Another instance is the persistent search for a taxation that will not be felt or known. It is clearly enough seen that the sums needed by modern governments cannot come from the air, but must come from funds that otherwise would go to individuals. Now "ground rent," "land value," or whatever name may be given it, is presumably a price which people now pay to individuals, and feel no hardship in paying because it is the equivalent, assessed by themselves, of a recognized differential advantage. It needs only to be advertised that this is the State's portion, and that it will be taken by the Government before it falls into the hands of the individual. If no one expected to get it, there could be no hardship in preventing any one getting it.

Now this much may be conceded to the scheme: that, if a State were beginning *de novo*, it might very well keep this value or rent in its own hand. The principal objection to it is that we are not beginning *de novo*. To secure this fund, the possibility of getting it in future would require to be taken from those who already have this possibility, and, in most cases, have paid the market price for it. It is questionable if nationalization with compensation would be a paying speculation to the modern State which adopted it; this is sufficiently proved by the unwillingness of its advocates to face compensation. But, to sober-minded people, such hysteric statements as that the land belongs to the people; that "past governments had no power to alienate it;" that, taking the whole of rent is "merely just resumption, not confiscation," are simple trifling.

At the same time, we must concede to Mr. Shearman that in a country where "iron, steel, glass, crockery, tin-plates, buttons, laces, whisky, apples, eggs, horses, cattle, mortgage bonds, bank stocks, railway shares, and hundreds of other things are bought and sold, with full knowledge that there may be sudden and vast changes in the rates of taxation upon them, made without notice, without the slightest scruple, and without even a thought of compensation to the many who suffer thereby," the Government need not be too scrupulous about doing one injustice more!

The second objection to it is, in technical phrase, that it is inelastic. A good Government cuts its expenses, not according to the amount of any fixed fund, but according to recognized functions. Hence it should draw its revenue from funds that can be increased or diminished according to need. The constant anxiety of the taxpayer that no more should be taken from him than is necessary for purposes which he approves is the best possible—perhaps the only—check on Government expenditure. It need scarcely be pointed out how infinite are the openings for waste and corruption if the fund at a Government's disposal is a fixed or growing one, and one which comes out of no man's particular pocket. On the other hand, if the fund is insufficient, the chief argument of the Single Tax is taken away: it becomes one of a system of taxes, and has to meet the question if it would not be as well to let this fund, like others, go first into the hands of the individual before part of it is returned as contribution to the national house-keeping.

Hence, with all respect to the negative part of Mr. Shearman's treatise, it does not seem to us worth while to write books whose avowed purpose is "to ascertain what ought to be done, without regard to questions of present practicability or temporary expediency." If ever there was an institution in which existing conditions and interests must be taken for granted, and any violent break with the past dismissed as impossible, it is taxa-

tion. Discussions like these have their sphere in theoretical economics; but they are surely out of place in a series which calls itself "Questions of the Day."

LONDON CHURCHES.

"London Churches of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." By George H. Birch, F.S.A. London: Batsford. 1896.

IT is, to say the least, refreshing to find that Wren's City churches are beginning to be properly appreciated. Within a few years three books, if not more, have been devoted to them, and now Mr. Birch's magnificent folio comes to offer us a permanent record of their beauty and value. For some forty-five years successive Bishops of London have been riding full tilt at them. Prior to experience it might have been supposed that the bishop, of all the clergy in the diocese, would feel it his duty, in the words of Mr. Taylor, to reverently receive, cherish, and preserve these priceless relics of an age when architecture was still a fine art among us. Instead, every device that unscrupulous ingenuity could muster has been directed to their destruction, and some ten or eleven have been removed, while thirty more are doomed. We do not wish to impute this conduct personally to the present or any former bishop, but these things have been done by the episcopal agents and in pursuance of a scheme drawn up by an episcopal committee. The citizens are at last waking up. Successive Lord Mayors have headed a movement for the protection of the old City churches, and a Society has been formed and is in full working order to stay further proceedings where other churches are threatened. The exact object of the destroyers is unknown. It cannot be to increase the Bishop of London's Fund, which, as is well known, receives little support in the City; for the citizens are too angry to give freely. A very slight excuse is enough in matters of this kind, and subscription lists are as sensitive as stocks and shares. It is an expensive operation to clear the site of an old church, and the materials are virtually worthless. A beautiful tower, one of the principal architectural ornaments of London, was recently, it is said, sold for £5. In this case, undoubtedly the apathy of the parishioners was partly in fault. They consented to the removal of the church on condition that the tower was spared; and they found when too late that the Bishop's agent was not bound by any condition of the kind.

Mr. Birch brings to his task a genuine love of Wren's architecture. His descriptions are clear and succinct, and he adds plans in every case. But his knowledge of what has been done of late years in elucidating the ecclesiastical history of London is defective. He relies on "Stow, Hatton, and others," but says nothing of Newcourt, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, Mr. Reginald Sharpe, or any of the recent labourers in the same field. He adopts Stow's wild guesses at the meanings of names entirely without question, although they are almost invariably wrong. On the other hand, Mr. Birch is an admirable critic. For example, in noticing St. Andrew's, Holborn, he complains that the Viaduct has robbed it of much of its effect, and goes on to contrast it "with a large but poor specimen of modern architecture by its side, the two buildings reminding one of Landseer's picture, 'Dignity and Impudence.'" Again, of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, he observes that the church has been made "a museum of flotsam and jetsam from others which have been destroyed or removed. These include St. Bartholomew, St. Christopher, St. Mildred and St. Mary, St. Olave and St. Martin, and if every parish were to appoint two churchwardens, a congregation could be formed of wardens alone." He is, however, wrong about the antiquity of St. Margaret's, which he says is first mentioned in 1383. Its name occurs in documents as old as 1100 at St. Paul's, as Mr. Birch might have seen in Mr. Lyte's Calendar in the Ninth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. He mentions the monument of William Avenon as being at the south-east angle of the church of St. Katharine Cree, in Leadenhall Street, but it was removed several years ago, and is now in the churchyard. We cannot understand what he says about St.

Mary-le-Bow. He would have us believe that "le Bow" or "de Arcubus" refers to the Norman crypt, and adds that it was so called before the tower was built. But in Hollar's view the spire resembles that of Newcastle Cathedral, and that of Wren's St. Dunstan-in-the-East, and it can hardly be doubted that this structure, which Stow describes, dated from a rebuilding in or about 1450. St. Dunstan's has been threatened of late, as has St. Mary Woolnoth; but it is to be hoped that the strong opposition which has been got up will have saved them. The massive western towers of St. Mary's are well known and admired; and the whole design reminds us of the Gothic of the same architect—Hawksmoor—at All Souls College, Oxford. The interior is extremely fine, and the view of the east end may be compared with Hawksmoor's church of St. George, Bloomsbury, undoubtedly the best work of any of Wren's pupils. Christ Church, Spitalfields, by the same architect, departs, as Mr. Birch points out, very widely from the Wren tradition; but it is an excellent example, and full of interest to the student. The arrangement of the columns is well described as "scenic." The church was lately much pulled about and altered by a modern "Goth," but it remains a monument of "an eccentricity which pleases."

No notice of the City churches is complete without a reference to the senseless habit of keeping them constantly closed. Many visitors would like to see the interior of St. Stephen's at frequent intervals. It is half a day's work to get in, and it is not always possible to obtain the key. One of Wren's most typical churches, St. Lawrence Jewry, with its wide expanse and flat roof, a model in its way, is never open except for service. At one side of Guildhall Yard you may visit a museum or a library or enjoy a gratis exhibition of pictures. At the other side it will cost you an expenditure both of time and money to obtain admission to a most interesting, instructive, and beautiful public building. Some of the City clergy, to their honour be it mentioned, keep their churches constantly open; but they are in a minority. It is, in fact, impossible to see the interiors of more than two or three in a day. By the time a sexton is discovered, perhaps at the other end of London, your patience has run out. One lovely church, St. Bride's, is always open, as is St. Edmund's. St. Katharine Cree is also generally accessible, but the great pride of the citizens, St. Helen's, is always shut, or was so very lately.

The illustrations consist of large plates from photographs, chiefly very good and well chosen. There are twelve of the exterior and interior of St. Paul's. Of St. Stephen's there are six. Of St. Lawrence there are two, neither of which shows its best points, the roof and the east end. The rest of the principal churches have one large illustration each, or two at the most, and these are supplemented by cuts of details in the text and by plans. Altogether this is a worthy record of a series of buildings such as no other city in the world can show, and such, certainly, as no other city would ill-treat or neglect.

FICTION.

"O'Grady of Trinity: a Story of Irish University Life." By H. A. Hinkson. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1896.

SOME twenty years ago a review in the "Saturday" of a novel dealing with Irish University life began somehow thus: "If this book is an accurate picture of Irish University life, we can only say that the students of Trinity College do not differ materially from other drunkards, as described in novels or even in tracts." These words were a just estimate of the work in question. Since Lever early in the century took his hero to Trinity College, Dublin, and described in his delightful rollicking vein a kind of life which then no doubt prevailed there, every succeeding novelist who has taken Trinity College for his theme has "drowned the stage" with whiskey, and represented the students as spending their whole time in the consumption of ardent spirits and the dodging of insistent duns. If the present picture of Irish University life is a faithful one—and it bears every outward and visible sign of faithful portraiture—we learn, and are not surprised to learn, that

in the last two generations things have undergone a great change in Dublin as well as in the older universities. How would Frank Webber have looked at afternoon tea? Would not Charles O'Malley have thought O'Grady and his friends milksops? Very likely; but apparently they play cricket and football and row far better than the contemporaries of Charles O'Malley, and, if we may judge by the specimens which this book affords, the conversation in a scholar's room at Trinity, Dublin, is better, wider, and less in the gall of politics and the bond of athletics than that which we have experienced in the rooms of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates. The plot is very slight, but the scenes are sketched with a light and clever touch, not without a *souffçon* of scholarship, as befits the subject, and the book comes to us cool and refreshing amid the "hot noises" of modern fiction.

"The Man who Disappeared." By Rivington Pyke. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

"A Fatal Mistake." By Henry Murray. London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

"A Question of Degree." By Caroline Fothergill. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1896.

"The Man who Disappeared" is a clever little tale of mystery with a certain grim humour in the telling. More might have been made of the potentially dramatic ending, where the unfortunate "man who disappeared," causing himself to be suspected by his wife of a gay and faithless *amour* in the neighbouring town, is found dead and drowned in a pond at her very gates, after she has accepted the consoling attentions of a former lover. The woman is a real bit of character-drawing, and her love scenes with the consoler, if repulsive, are not unnatural, and do not succeed in making her unsympathetic.

"A Fatal Mistake" has a plot that would have been startling twenty years ago. The heroine is a lady with a past and a present and an imminent future, averted temporarily by her marriage with the hero, who has no past at all. The "fatal mistake" was that when he first met her "his only conscious sentiment was pure pity." So she went abroad with another man, out of "pure pity of his wretchedness." There is a large amount of pure pity in all the characters. The other man dies, and the hero gives up two millions of money to marry the lady; and so lifelike is he that the very reviewer feels "pure pity" in turn.

"A Question of Degree" has a distinctly humorous heroine, which is always something to go upon. Her doings are of a meandering order, and leave the reader puzzled. The man she intends to marry has an appallingly adoring mother, who habitually presses burning kisses on his hand, and fiercely hates his *fiancée*. Consequently the scene is amusing when he innocently suggests that the three should live together comfortably after marriage. It is understandable that the heroine should promptly have broken the engagement rather than risk such an arrangement, and possibly natural that the dense and kindly man should have married a feminine admirer who was ready to face the uncomfortably fiery affection of his mother. But it leaves a very nice girl rather at a deadlock, which is painful to the gallant reader.

"Wrongly Condemned." By Mrs. Bagot Harte. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"In a North Country Village." By M. E. Francis. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1896.

"The Sacrifice of Fools." By R. Manifold Craig. London: John Lane. 1896.

"Wrongly Condemned" is one of Messrs. Jarrold's "Greenback" series of popular novels. The title shows the kind of thing it is—a murder trial, with two interesting young prisoners and a black cap, followed by the usual dying confession of the real criminal and picturesque respite arriving just as the hangman knocks at the door. The prisoners are a Quaker brother and sister; which fact alone distinguishes the book from the rest of its kind. And they are as the sands of the sea for multitude.

"In a North Country Village" is a collection of sketches of country life among poor folk. Some few are more than a little pathetic. Two of them are almost

worthy of Miss Mary Wilkins at her best; these are "The Gilly-F'ers" and "Aunt Jinny." The whole book is a delightful example of the change from ancient renderings of the annals of the poor. They once were Sabbath reading of the finest narcotic properties; now they are almost invariably humorous, besides being so sympathetic that one is tempted to credit the writers with an unhealthy optimism. Surely every cottager is not so charming? or every old woman from a workhouse so picturesquely pathetic?

"The Sacrifice of Fools" is a rather entertaining jumble of unhappy marriages, Titanic apes, secret treasure, cruel parents, suicides, lunatics, and happy lovers. There is something lovable about all the characters—notably the biggest ape. He was weird while he lived, and when he died of drink we were sorry and the book was the poorer.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Sand Sea, and other Stories." By Richard Davey. Westminster: The Roxburghe Press. 1896.

"Dust in the Balance." By George Knight. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe." By David Storrar Meldrum. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

Of these three volumes of short stories, two are typical, and interesting for that reason if for no other. Mr. Richard Davey's tales could hardly be called typical of anything particular, even by a reviewer at his last gasp to say something about nothing. We have a good deal of sympathy with those readers who find history a decided drawback, even in a long novel, where there is plenty of room for other things. The discovery that the action of the book they are going to read is placed a century or two ago is an immediate damp on their expectant interest; and if they find out at once that the chief character is a real personage whose birth, marriage and death are settled once and for all, they are as likely as not to put the book down, if they have another to replace it. It really matters very little whether they happen to know the story themselves or not, the historical personage may be little more than a name to them, but the consciousness that the facts are settled is enough to extinguish their excitement. However, history or no history, Mr. Davey is not a good hand at telling a story, and the fact that he has chosen Alexis Orloff and Princess Tarakanoff as one of his subjects only adds a kind of dull wonder to our boredom. He appears to think that when a writer is once aware that there is a story in existence somewhere his work is at an end. One would conclude that he looked upon effectiveness as a triviality, if it were not that he sometimes makes attempts at mystery by using the "for it was he" trick. "On the night of December 1, 1710, two figures sat opposite each other in a garret. . . . The room was dark. . . . A tall iron lamp stood between the two men. . . . One of them was &c. . . . Indeed, Richard, for it was he, resembled his mother in a singular degree."

"Dust in the Balance" appears in the "Impressionist Series," impressionism in this case meaning very facile and easily conceived tragedy and plenty of stars. The author does get an effect of some sort, not particularly rare or distinguished. A doctor loves a poor lacemaker; she loves another. The doctor makes a will in her favour, drinks his poison, and, while he is waiting for it to take effect, reads in the paper that the lacemaker's lover has married some one else. Poor Ruth visits the ambitious Reuben, hears he is going to marry a rich girl, pretends she has come in for a fortune in order that Reuben may be nice to her once more, and then drinks a handy sip from a diminutive green bottle. Mr. George King's notion of the short story is that an idea is enough; and he remarks in his envoi that he has plenty more ideas, if we want them, only he does not call them ideas, but "visions." If they are visions, let us have them; if they are only ideas for stories, we can assure him that nine out of ten men have dozens a day. Vision means the idea for a story seen in its vivid clothing of character and actual circumstance. And we take it that in the first glamour, at any rate, of a vision, the seer is not at all very conscious of the idea that makes the particular circumstances interesting. Mr. George King is evidently fond of the symbolical fairy-tale (there are three or four in this volume); and this is a pity, for the writing of such things will only confirm him in the error of supposing that an idea is the same thing as a vision. For the same reason we should advise him not to get too deep into the habit of prefacing his little stories with tremendous passages from the Scriptures—the ideas do not want underlining.

From the "impressionist" short story we pass on to something a little better, the Scotch short story of Mr. Storrar Meldrum. Whatever faults the Scotch short story may have, they certainly do not lie in any bare setting forth of an insufficiently circumstanced idea. We all know what the Scotch short

story is like ; and there is nothing special to be said about this set, except that the first, "Rathillet," is really too dull and empty, and that Mr. Meldrum is never up to the level of Mr. Ian Maclaren, although he tries the same dodge of familiarizing his readers with his little patch of country side by gossiping of the inhabitants and their customs as if they were well known. He is not so sentimental as Mr. Ian Maclaren, and this must be looked upon as a failure, since he is often running for the same stakes. In "The Touch of Spring," however, and still more in "The Laird of Inch," Mr. Meldrum reveals strange tendencies, a distinct turn for subtle psychology, expressed, so far, in echoes from the master of subtlety. "So the Laird of Inch, closing his books of an afternoon, took the eyes of Princes Street with a chest full blown, and rapped a fist upon it in conscious delight of his sound moral lungs." "When, very soon, certain matronly hands, which he knew as so gentle in attending spiritual transgressions, took to rude sticking of pins into his social pretensions, Hugh, country proud, cast the velvet of the Evangel, and took on a garb coarser than ever he had worn." Such passages are somewhat of a relief, which, perhaps, does not say much for the rest of the story. But there are undoubtedly good things in "The Laird of Inch," which is at the same time more subtle and harder than anything we know of Mr. Maclaren's, and if Mr. Meldrum's humanity should get the upper hand and break through the parochialism of St. Brise, we shall feel that we have the right to expect something out of the common.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

WHETHER or not, as a "Critical Journal," the "Edinburgh Review" is as powerful as it was or as interesting as it might be, it is certain that lately its strength has lain in history—history written by its contributors without much reference to the lists of books which head the various papers. The one purely critical article in this quarter's issue is decidedly ineffectual. The writer introduces us to Messrs. Barrie, Crockett, and Maclaren, as if they were a set of novelists as yet unknown, to whom he wished to direct the attentions of the reading public. If he had discovered them last week in Timbuctoo he could hardly have brought less critical faculty to bear upon the subject. It is only in the few lines of his concluding paragraph that he appears to become vaguely conscious of the kind of article he should have written. The writer on "Manning and the Catholic Reaction of Our Times," in the earlier part of his article, touches upon that very attractive subject, the Roman Catholic bias of the Romantic movement, especially in Germany. The article, in its brevity, is more suggestive than informing, especially where the Oxford movement is made to evolve from Romanticism through the Wesleys and Keble. The paper on "The Universities of the Middle Ages" is full of interest, even to the general reader, although the fact that it is largely a hostile criticism of Mr. Rashdall's work commends it rather to the specialist. The critic holds that Mr. Rashdall has often pushed his migration theory too far, and has thus especially been unfair to the early importance of Cambridge. There are some charming extracts from the diary of Countess Krasinska, the wife of the Duke of Courland, the unsuccessful rival of Stanislaus Poniatowski for the throne of Poland; an account of the diplomacy of the period 1794-1807, as seen by the light of the "Paget Papers;" and a necessarily incoherent history of French Governments since 1870. The contributor who deals with Egypt approves the advance into the Sudan; but "the hardly won solvency of the Egyptian Government" must not be imperilled thereby. Although our guardianship of Egypt is a continual source of diplomatic weakness to us, retirement is impossible; the work is not yet completed, and on this point the writer recommends perfect frankness.

The "Nineteenth Century" contains no article of striking merit, but it is fairly readable from beginning to end. Mr. John Morley reviews carefully and fully the exact stage reached by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney in their mutual advances towards permanent arbitration. Some of the difficulties suggested by Lord Salisbury—the sudden invention of speculative territorial claims, and the uncertainty which belongs to the theories of Hinterland and spheres of influence—do not really exist, Mr. Morley says, in this particular question of arbitration between America and England. Mr. Sydney Low contributes a general article on "The Decline of Cobdenism," which is in itself rather a straw showing the current of reaction than a useful and convincing piece of argument, and it is fuller of obvious contradictions than a short article need be. Mr. W. L. Alden, on the American currency, is bitter enough against the Silverites, and he draws a threatening picture of the unprincipled debtor, West, fighting against the creditor, East. Mr. William Dillon, on the other hand, is for compromise. There is right on both sides. The creditor class have been wronged by the demonetisation of silver, and free coinage would do something, though not so much as the Silverites fancy, to affect the bullion price of silver. And yet most of the existing private debts are not of long standing, and the purchasing power of gold has hardly increased since they were contracted. Mr. Joseph Millard Orpen gives an account

of the Matabele god and the praying sticks shaped like a caduceus. His suggestion to blow up Molimo's oracle cave sounds very brutal, and it is doubtful whether it would be of any service, since the priests appear to be far enough advanced in wisdom, if not religion, to declare that their god, like Cato's Jupiter, is not tied down to any one spot in Africa, but exists everywhere. Mr. John Scott Montagu, in "Nature: *v.* the Chartered Company," says that the railway to Bulawayo is the one supreme necessity for Rhodesia. The Rev. Father Clarke describes the seventeen years of training that a Jesuit goes through, and Professor Max Müller tells us of a real Mahatman, Rāmākrishna.

The "Fortnightly" is a good number this month. First and foremost is Olive Schreiner's continuation of her account of the Boers. A fine, and in places beautiful, piece of work—dictatorial, undoubtedly, and diffusive; but preaching is no fault if the preacher has the power to compel the reader's submission, and Olive Schreiner's lengthiness has an attractive quality of its own. Perhaps she pushes her conception of the artificiality of civilized society too far; but some writers must be allowed to do whatever they like. Mr. Mallock starts out to explain the nature of money with fascinating little pictures of crusty loaves and glasses of beer. At first we follow him with a sigh of ease; but as he proceeds, the loaves and glasses multiply and interchange with staves and counters and railway trains and one another in such a kaleidoscopic fashion that it is quite a rest from giddy confusion when he leaves his elementary illustrations and quotes a plain statement from Mill. Courage in battle is a subject of engrossing interest, and Mr. H. W. Wilson illustrates his contention that courage is largely a question of habit with telling instances from the American, Franco-German, and Crimean wars. "L." is of the opinion that China will not reform, that England should keep up the *status quo* and become smarter and less diplomatic when she meets with Chinese opposition. "L." knocks about the eternal East in rather a cavalier fashion, with the cocksure superiority of a little restless Western. Mr. Roylance Kent sketches the naval programme put forward by Rear-Admiral Fournier. The chief novelty is that all vessels should be of the same type, 8,000 tons burthen, completely but lightly armoured, built for great speed and long periods away from coaling stations. Such boats would engage at long distances, and only oppose their ends, not their flanks, to the enemy. Mr. Francis H. Hardy tries to explain the workings of a Presidential election in the States; Mr. H. G. Bradley draws a desolate picture of a section of Virginia, prosperous in the old days before the war. Mr. R. E. S. Hart discusses Zola's philosophy of life in relation with his actual drawing of life in the "Rougon-Macquart"—an article which is chiefly commendable because the writer treats with becoming reverence an author who has often been stupidly and lightly talked of by people who knew nothing or ought to have known better.

The most interesting contribution in an average dull issue of the "Contemporary" is Mr. H. W. Wolff's account of the successful labour associations in Italy. Builders, navvies, and other unskilled workmen combined for the purpose of getting contracts direct from the public authorities without the intervention of the middleman and his large profits. One society of 2,000 members has in eight years accumulated a reserve fund of £2,000, doubled the wages of its members, and brought the list of accidents down to nothing. Mr. T. P. O'Connor thinks that the growth of the Imperial idea will diminish English dislike to Home Rule, and that Home Rule is still a good electioneering plank for the Liberal platform.

We are accustomed to look for a bright "National Review," and this number is thoroughly readable. The first part of Mr. Mackay's article on "The Unpopularity of the House of Commons" is amusing enough; but he becomes incoherent when he treks off after Mr. Lecky and wanders vaguely amid anti-democratic dicta. The Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Agent-General for New Zealand, shows us another side of a Democratic Parliament—more democratic by far than ours. Certainly the Liberal and Labour party of New Zealand cannot be condemned of arriving at a standstill or wasting public time; nor does it appear that they have made Parliament unpopular. "An Editor" answers "A Contributor" of last month a little too angrily, perhaps, which is not pretty, and we can't quite make out what all the fuss is about. Dr. Barry, in a high-flown but not unpalatable style, presents us with "The Secret of Catholicism"—"Not preaching but Sacrifice; not the meeting but the altar; not that which I can do for myself, but the power which flows out from an ordinance upon me." Professor Francis A. Walker publishes his dignified address to the Bi-metallic League, Mr. Meade Falkner contributes a story of the supernatural that has some striking bits in it, and Mr. George Meredith praises Mrs. Meynell's Essays with much enthusiasm.

The "New Review" is disappointing this month. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's championing of the Spanish cause in Cuba is a bad type of article, it is neither instructive nor entertaining, and in the same way we do not see that Mr. Ernest Williams's scorn and flag-waving will make clear the virtues of an Imperial Zollverein to those who do not yet understand why it should benefit anybody in the long run. That the idea is

sentimentally attractive even its bitterest opponents must own. The report of Li Hung-chang's five hours' interview with Count Ito on 15 April, 1895, is left to tell its own story. This restraint is artistically most praiseworthy, but we wonder how many readers remember enough about the peace negotiations to see the point. Mr. Arthur Morrison contributes the first three chapters of "A Child of the Jago," Mr. James Annand writes generally of Parliamentary waste of time, Mr. Francis Watt whitewashes "Bloody Jeffreys," and Mr. David Hannay contributes a good article about the wicked Brantôme.

"Cosmopolis" scores chiefly over its three sets of monthly notes upon foreign affairs. This is to be expected. International politics is the most important novelty the magazine has to offer, the peculiarity that is bound to be an attraction however much the other contributions fluctuate in interest. M. de Pressensé writes amusingly of Li Hung-chang's reception in Germany, and then turns to the affairs of the nearer East, and regrets that there are no longer any statesmen possessed by a single-hearted care for the interests of European civilization. "Le particularisme soi-disant patriotique coule à pleins bords." This little sigh of regret is more convincing than Mr. Frederic Harrison's long and doubtful complaint over the decay of the cosmopolitan spirit. "Ignotus" concerns himself this month with the Triple Alliance, and the small interest Germany has in Austria's Balkan plans or Italy's hopes in Tunis and the Mediterranean. Mr. Henry Norman touches upon the ruin of the Western farmer, the true grievance that makes the Silver movement dangerous, and explains that the hatred of the Gold domination is intensified by the enormous power of the trusts. The Tourguénéff letters are beginning to be interesting; they are all to Flaubert this month. Letters appear also in the German section, from Wagner in the depressing years before appreciation came. The three short stories are readable, though Mr. Gissing is certainly not at his best in "A Yorkshire Lass." The ever-entertaining M. Faguet has a delicious subject this month, namely the "Fonds Bouhier," the letters to and from the President of the Academy who preceded Voltaire. One of the best articles that has appeared anywhere this month is "Frauenwahlrecht," by Hélène Lange; it is altogether successful in its scorn, its arguments, and its view of present possibilities.

"Bibliographica," among other things, contains some examples of handwriting by early English masters. The illustration from Cocker's "The Pen's Transcendency" is especially marvellous, fully worthy of the book's grand title. "Macmillan's Magazine" has a history of Rahel Leven, the friend of Beethoven, Goethe, Jean Paul, the Friedrike Varnhagen von Ense to whom Heine dedicated his "Heimkehr." "The Artist" publishes the fourth and last instalment of Mr. S. D. MacColl's excellent lecture on "Impressionism." There are some pretty things in Dr. Robert W. Chambers's "The Silent Hand;" but the other stories in "Chapman's Magazine" are fairly colourless.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, writing in the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, says:—

"I have tasted the Maté tea and found it perfectly palatable and agreeable. It seems to be universally approved of as a refreshing and stimulating beverage. It enables workers to continue their labours, or travellers to pursue their journeys for long periods without food."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS JOURNAL says:—

"Maté has a sustaining power which neither Indian or China tea, coffee, or even chocolate, can claim. Travellers drinking Maté can go six or seven hours without feeling the want of food."

Write for Pamphlet and Medical Opinions, "Lancet,"
"British Medical Journal," &c.

To be obtained from

The MATÉ TEA CO., 39 Victoria St., Westminster.

Price 3s. per lb., post free. AGENTS INVITED.

The List of Applications will open on Saturday, 8 August, 1896, and close for town and country at or before 4 p.m. on Tuesday, 11 August, 1896.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN TRUST, LIMITED,

Invite Subscriptions for 75,000 Shares at par in the undermentioned issue—Payable 2s. 6d. on application; 7s. 6d. on allotment; 5s. on 1 September, 1896; and 5s. on 1 October, 1896.

Mr. G. R. FEARBY cabled on 12 May, 1896:—"The average of samples, Hill End Consols, 5 ozs."

"The Hill End Mine has crushed 53 tons, yielding 284 ozs. of gold." "Financial News," 7 April, 1893:—
 "The crushing returns of the Hill End Mine in the North-East Coolgardie Goldfield have been sufficiently high to attract considerable attention." "Australian Mail," 9 April, 1896:—
 The Mine's record stands thus:—

March, April, and May, 1895	78 tons	1,673 ozs.
June, August, and September, 1895	84	1,369 ..
October, November, and December, 1895	220	3,708 ..
January, February, and March, 1896	163	1,419 ..
Total production	545	8,159 ..

 Gold to the value of, say, £30,000 has thus been yielded by this mine.
 "A very rich lode has been struck in the famous Hill End Mine, recently purchased by Dr. Simon, representing a French Syndicate. The stone is said to be the richest ever seen in the mine, and is expected to go 30 ozs. per ton."
 The Hill End Consols Mine is situated about half a mile to the North-East of the above Hill End Mine.

HILL END CONSOLS, Limited.

(Broad Arrow District, Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia.)

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL - - - - £125,000,

In 125,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 50,000, issued as fully paid, will be allotted to the Vendor in part payment of the purchase money, and 25,000 will be available for Working Capital.

Share Warrants to bearer will be issued if required in exchange for fully paid Share Certificates.

DIRECTORS.

* T. HARRISON DAVIS, Esq., Director Lady Loch Gold Mine, Limited.
 ROLAND G. HILL, Esq., Chairman Taitapa Gold Estates, Limited.
 F. HALL KIRBY, Esq., M.L.C.E., Director West Australian Pioneer Syndicate, Limited.
 H. W. LOWE, Esq., Director London and Continental Investment Corporation of Western Australia, Limited.
 HON. HOWARD SPENSLEY, Chairman Mainland Consols, Limited.
 * As Managing Director of the West Australian Trust, Limited, the Vendor Company, Mr. T. Harrison Davis will join the Board after Allotment, as Chairman.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.

G. R. FEARBY, Esq., M.E., Coolgardie, Western Australia.

BANKERS.

Messrs. PRESCOTT, DIMSDALE, CAVE, TUGWELL & CO., LIMITED,
 50 Cornhill, E.C., in London.
 THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, in Western Australia.

SOLICITORS FOR THE VENDOR COMPANY.

Messrs. LUMLEY & LUMLEY, 37 Conduit Street, W.

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

Messrs. FLOWER, NUSSEY & FELLOWES, 1 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

BROKERS.

Messrs. G. H. & A. M. JAY, 17 Old Broad Street, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. JACKSON, PIXLEY, BROWNING, HUSBY & CO., 58 Coleman Street, E.C.

SECRETARY.

W. G. BROWNE, Esq.

OFFICES.

51 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire, further develop, and work the Hill End Consols Mine, being Lease No. 1845K, consisting of about 24 acres, held under lease from the Western Australian Government at a yearly rental of 20s. per acre, situated about half a mile to the north-east of the famous Hill End Mine, in the Broad Arrow District, Western Australia, referred to in above newspaper extracts. To the north and adjoining the block is the well-known Pride of the Arrow, and Mr. Fearby reports that the reef of the latter property goes through the centre of the Hill End Consols.

It further appears from Mr. Fearby's report that a shaft has been sunk on the Hill End Consols to a depth of 70 feet, and the latest information received by cable from Mr. Fearby, on 12 May, 1896, is to the effect that the average sample from the lode gives 5 ozs. to the ton, the property developing well, and that the stone obtained on the adjoining property gives as much as 9 ozs. 15 dwt. per ton.

Mr. Fearby states that the reef of the Pride of the Arrow property is bearing N. 20 degrees W., and passes through the Hill End Consols block. He also says that he went down the shafts on the former property, and that they have a fine body of stone, showing rich gold, and, referring to the Hill End Consols Mine, concludes:—"I consider this block has a very good position, and should develop into a valuable property, considering the mines around it and the reef passing through it, which undoubtedly it does."

Mr. J. Wyatt, M.E., has also reported on the property, and states:—"In conclusion, I have no hesitation in saying that you have a very valuable property, as with a very small capital, judiciously spent, it would turn out a really good one."

Water is reported to have recently been struck at a depth of 250 feet on the Golden Arrow property, adjoining the Hill End.

Mr. Fearby cabled on 12 May, 1896, agreeing to act as Consulting Engineer to the Company, and the mine at the present moment is being managed and worked by him on behalf of the present owners.

The "Australian Mail" of 9 April, 1896, states that the Hill End Mine, between March 1895 and March 1896, crushed 545 tons of ore which gave a yield of 8,159 ozs. of gold, to the value of about £30,000. The record of the Hill End Mine is understood to be the best in the Western Australian fields, and the Directors have every

confidence that the property now offered will develop into one of the best paying mines in the district.

The amount to be paid by the Company under the Contract below mentioned has been fixed at £100,000, payable as to £10,000 in cash and not less than £50,000 in fully-paid shares, and the balance in cash or shares, at the option of the Directors, leaving £23,000 available for working capital.

All charges and expenses in connection with the formation of the Company up to and including allotment will be paid by The West Australian Trust, Limited.

The only Contract entered into by the Company is that for acquiring the mine. It is dated 5 August, 1896, and made between The West Australian Trust, Limited, of the one part, and the Company of the other part.

The above Contract and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and Mr. Fearby's and Mr. Wyatt's reports before referred to, may be seen by Subscribers at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors. These reports are the foundation for the statements made in this Prospectus.

The above Contract recites the Contracts under which the West Australian Trust, Limited, and its immediate Vendor are respectively acquiring the property, and other contracts have been made in relation to the formation and promotion of the Company, but to none of these contracts is the Company a party, and Subscribers shall be deemed to have had notice of all such contracts, and to have agreed with the Company (as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable), not to make any claim whatsoever, or to take any proceedings under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Application for Shares should be made on, or in accordance with, the form enclosed in the Prospectus, and sent in with the required deposit to the Bankers of the Company. If the Shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment.

Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also of the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers.

6 August, 1896.

THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education: and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNEY.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:
16 March, 1896.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.

JOHN G. TALBOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CAPITAL - - - £120,000

In 120,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

DIRECTORATE.

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman*.
R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director*.
J. W. S. LANGERMAN.
F. ROBINOW.
A. GOERZ.
C. D. RUDD (*Alternate E. BIRKENRUTH*).
C. S. GOLDMANN.

LONDON COMMITTEE.

CHAS. RUBE. | S. NEUMANN.
JOHN ELLIOTT. | E. DUVAL.

SECRETARY.

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

LONDON SECRETARY.

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE.

CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE.

120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT.

DEAR SIR.—The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for June 1896, which shows a Total Profit of £14,134 7s. 0d. :—

MINE.

Number of Feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes: 933 feet.
Quartz Mined 17,559 tons.
Quartz on hand, at Surface, June 30 8,150 tons.

MILL.

Number of Days (24 hours) working 120 Stamps 28½ days.
Tons Crushed 17,385 tons.
Tons Crushed per Stamp, per 24 hours 5'010 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 6,685 ozs. 5 dwts.
Yield per Ton 7 dwts. 16'379 grs.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons Sands and Concentrates Treated 11,800 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 4,037 ozs. 14 dwts.
Yield per Ton 6 dwts. 20'245 grs.
Working Cost per ton 7s. 10'446d.
Royalty Cost per Ton 1s. 3'927d.
Total Cost per Ton 4s. 2'373d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works . 17,385 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

	Cost	Cost per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses	14,897 0 0	0 17 1'653
" Transport	260 6 3	0 0 3'717
" Milling	1,822 16 10	0 3 1'164
" Cyanide	2,476 14 8	0 3 10'191
" General Charges	1,740 1 3	0 2 0'021
" Mine Development	414 18 0	0 0 5'727
	£21,600 17 0	1 4 10'473
" Profit for Month	14,134 7 0	0 16 3'127
	£35,735 4 0	2 1 1'600

REVENUE.

	Value	Value per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Accounts—		
" 6,685'25 ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	23,254 2 1	1 6 9'023
" 4,037'70 ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	12,501 1 11	0 14 4'577
	£35,755 4 0	2 1 1'600
10,722'95 ozs.	£35,755 4 0	2 1 1'600

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month :—

6TH LEVEL—
Driving on South Reef, East and West 35 0
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 80 0
Sinking Winzes 111 6
7TH LEVEL—
Driving on South Reef, East and West 158 6
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 200 0
Sinking Winzes 199 6
Cross-cutting 58 6
8TH LEVEL—
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 18 0
Sinking No. 1 Shaft 24 0
Sinking Winzes 25 0
9TH LEVEL—
Sinking Incline Shaft 3 0
933 0

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 21,917 tons.
The 120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works ran with their accustomed regularity during the past month.

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary*.

Head Office, Johannesburg, July 10, 1896.

"THE JUMPERS" GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £100,000

Johannesburg, July, 1896.

Sir,—Your Directors beg to submit to you a Summary of Operations for the Month of June, 1896 :—

100 HEAD MILL.

		£	s.	d.
To Mining	8,346 tons 13s. 5'74d.	5,624 13 0
" Hauling and Pumping	8,346 " 4s. 8'15d.	1,952 10 5
" Transport	8,346 " 0s. 7'66d.	266 6 6
" Milling	8,306 " 6s. 6'13d.	2,679 13 6
" Charges	8,206 " 0s. 10'09d.	345 0 5
		26s.	1'77d.	10,868 3 10
" Redemption on	8,346 " 4s. 0d.	1,669 4 0
Cost per ton	30s. 1'77d.	12,537 7 10
" Cost of treating 4,714 tons Tailings	946 7 1
PROFIT FOR MONTH	13,483 14 11
		877 0 3
		£14,360 17 2
By 3,177'30 oz. Gold :—		£	s.	d.
At 74s.	11,756 0 2
" Concentrates :—		955 0 0
549'95 ozs. Gold from Tailings	12,711 0 2
		1,649 17 0
		£14,360 17 2

TOTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR MONTH.

	£	s.	d.
To Cost, Mining and Milling	10,868 3 10
" Cyaniding	946 7 1
" Plant Account &c.	187 12 4
" Mine Development	1,318 13 5
" Buildings, &c.	381 12 10
" Balance	658 7 8
	£14,360 17 2
By Gold, Concentrates and Tailings	14,360 17 2
	£14,360 17 2

Driven and sunk during the Month, 311 feet.

P. C. HAW, *Secretary*.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL, 19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, *Secretary*.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

Marvellous Cycling Invention.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN

- I. Increases Speed two miles an hour.
- II. Diminishes exertion and friction.
- III. Makes going up hill easy.
- IV. Enables Ladies to obtain perfect grace of action.

Is used by T.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, the DUKE of YORK, the PRINCESSES MAUD and VICTORIA of WALES, PRINCE GEORGE of GREECE, COUNTESS DE LA WARR, Ladies JEUNE and C. BERESFORD, Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., Mr. A. DRUCKER, M.P., Mr. BAINBRIDGE, M.P., &c. &c.

ALL THE BEST RIDERS INSIST ON USING IT.

CAN BE FITTED TO ANY MACHINE.

WINS EVERY RACE

In which it competes.

BEATS RECORDS EVERY WEEK.

30 Miles 214 Yards in One Hour.

In the IRISH FIELD of the 13th June Dr. F. F. McCabe (Director of the Singer Cycle Co., Ltd.), Mr. Simpson's adversary in the great Catford Track Contest of 6th June says:—

"The contest resulted in a decisive victory for the Simpson Chain. All that men and a lavish expenditure of money could do was done in order to defeat the Simpson riders, but without avail. They won, and, in the end, won easily. We have nothing to say in explanation of our defeat, except that we are disappointed with the result, and that we, with no little confidence, counted upon landing Mr. Simpson's £1,000, and proving that the Pivot Chain was better than the far-famed Simpson Lever Chain. We have failed in this attempt, but so colossal was the task we voluntarily undertook, and so enormous were the opposing interests, we feel that, although our men failed to do all that was expected of them, yet we have every reason to be proud of the way the whole meeting was conducted and the men raced for us. We have the greatest pleasure in publicly congratulating Mr. Simpson on the result. He has acted as a sporting man all through the negotiations and during the match. When the match was over he objected to taking our stake. However, we insisted, and in the end it was agreed that Mr. Simpson should accept our stake and send it as a donation from him to the City of Dublin Hospital.

"In offering our congratulations to Mr. Simpson and his Company on their victory, we may also state our conviction that this victory will do them an enormous amount of good. The impression of the tens of thousands who were present at the match was, we believe, that there must be a good deal of merit in the chain. To break World's Records, the instruments, as well as the men, must be of the best. By the evidence before us, the Simpson chain appears to be 'on top,' and absolutely the best means of conveying power from crank axle to back wheel. At any rate, Mr. Simpson has immortalised himself as the first man to successfully tackle the chain question, and thus has earned the everlasting gratitude of the cycling public."

INSIST ON YOUR MAKER FITTING IT.

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 119 REGENT STREET.

V.B.—VISIT THEM BEFORE SELECTING A CYCLE.

152

COMMERCIAL.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.
THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS £23,000,000.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: [F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: LONDON, Fenchurch Avenue, London.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO

GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, and MADRAS via BOMBAY	every week.
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN	every fortnight.
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA	every three weeks.

VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST. every three weeks.
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

WM. & GEO. LAW.

COFFEE—SUGAR—TEA.

104 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

H. HALFORD

and

COMPANY,

STOCK BROKERS,

70 and 71

Palmerston Buildings,

Old Broad Street,

London.

Established 1869.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM.

Business at close prices.

Speculative Accounts opened.

Dealings reported by wire if required.

Full particulars on application.

Prompt Settlements.

Thousands of Testimonials from Clients.

African and Australian Mines—a Speciality.

Lists of Closing Prices gratis.

Bankers, Parr's and Alliance Bank, Limited.

Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

CORTLAND

AMERICAN CARRIAGES.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL, London, 1896.

STILL FURTHER SUCCESS.

PRIZE MEDAL, International Carriage Exhibition, Crystal Palace, June, 1896.

Making TWO PRIZE MEDALS at LONDON EXHIBITIONS this year thus again confirming the ESTABLISHED SUPERIORITY of

CORTLAND CARRIAGES

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